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CATHEDRALS AND ABBEYS OF PRESBYTERIAN SCOTLAND

THEIR HISTORY AND ASSOCIATIONS

BY

M.E.LEICESTER ADDIS

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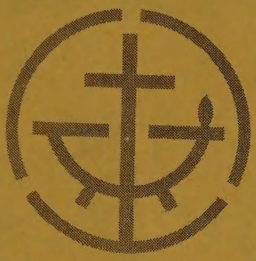

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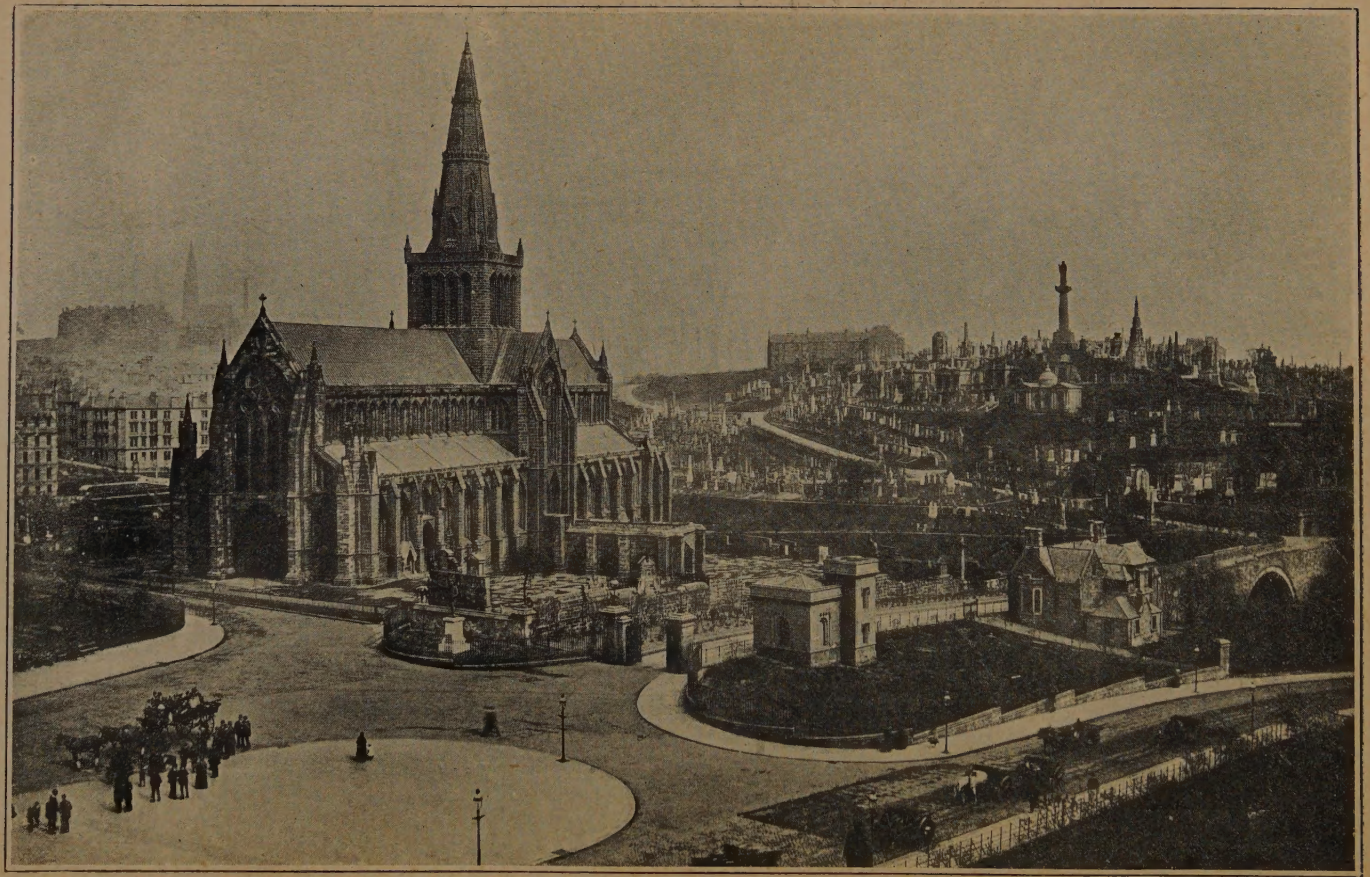

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Glasgow Cathedral, showing the Necropolis.

Frontispiece.

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The Cathedrals and Abbeys of Presbyterian Scotland

BY

M. E. LEICESTER ADDIS

PHILADELPHIA
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To

GEORGE W. CHILDS DREXEL, Esq.

PREFACE

"It is impossible for the short life of a preface to travel after and overtake far-off antiquity and to judge of it."—RALEIGH.

FOR several years past a series of articles, relating to Scottish History and Literature, has appeared in the columns of the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia, U.S.A.

The interest created and expressed in those dealing with our Abbeys and Cathedrals (too often believed to be all in ruins) by its readers suggested the expansion of these sketches into a more detailed and consecutive form. Thus each chapter in the present volume contains in narrative the leading points of interest associated with each building, the treatment throughout being historical rather than architectural.

There are several popular works treating of the Cathedrals and Abbeys of England, but, so far as known, there is no comprehensive edition of our Scottish Abbeys and Cathedrals, in which the main historical facts, culled from recognised authorities, are presented in a popular form which will appeal to the educated reader who makes no claim to be a specialist.

We owe so much to the Past; we have recovered from the fright of the Reformation; we are now as eager to preserve and restore as were our forefathers to destroy those fine buildings, the heritages of earlier days when simple craftsmen and scholarly churchmen alike laboured with their hands for "The Glory of God."

It seems, therefore, specially fitting that the links of the

chain binding the Celtic Church, its Saints, and its traditions, to the Latin Church—founder and foster-mother of three of our Universities—should be understood and appreciated by all members of the Scottish Church, which, born of much tribulation, has none the less benefited from the piety, the zeal, and the learning of those who preached "The Faith of our Fathers."

This also seems a fitting opportunity to most gratefully acknowledge the invaluable assistance so freely given by the Librarian of the Drexel Institute, and by the Staff of the Franklin Library, Philadelphia; also by the Provost and Staff of the Peabody Library in Baltimore, this last containing a collection of Scottish Histories, Chartularies, Registers and special publications not excelled by any in our own country.

The author is also indebted for much information as to Celtic life and traditions to A. C. Cameron, LL.D.; for the reading of proof to Mr. B. R. Wills, B.A., Cantab.; and to Messrs. Valentine for permission to use their photographs in illustrating the work.

M. E. L. A.

London, 1901.

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Iona from the South-east.

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IONA

St. Columba.
521–597 A.D.

St. Oran's Chapel.
1070.

"There is one problem in the way of travel which has always for some years past suggested itself as a thing that ought to be done: *A deliberate sight* of the Island of Iona, Icolmkill or whatever they call it, one of the remarkablest spots to one in all her Majesty's dominions."

SUCH are the words of Thomas Carlyle, and no one can possibly accuse him of sentimental expressions. His opinions were well matured before expressed; his judgments ever calm and weighty; and that "ought to be done" comes to us as a message of deliberate commendation from one of the greatest teachers of modern times.

The story of this lonely islet, washed by the full sweep of the mighty Atlantic, is in reality the story of the civilisation and progress—their growth in grace—of our early forefathers.

Iona has been called "The cradle of Western Christianity," and should therefore occupy, in the hearts of all English-speaking people, a place second only to Bethlehem, Jerusalem, and the sacred scenes of Palestine. By Scots, it has ever been regarded as the birthplace of that spirit of religious freedom and liberty of conscience which, overpowered for a time, was restored to the Churches at the Reformation, and which, again threatened, led to the Puritan exodus Westward. St. Columba came to Iona from Ireland in 563 A.D. and at once founded a monastery and set himself with mighty zeal to the work

of converting the Northern Picts. How thoroughly he accomplished his life's task needs no proof here ; the results of Columba's efforts, the memories of his influence and strong faith, are over us all and are still a power in the land.

The Family of Iona or Brethren of the Monastery were of three ranks : the preachers, teachers, and scribes (workers in the fields and in the mill), also the pupils who assisted in all necessary labours. A simple community too, leading such lives as did the fishermen of Galilee ; in compulsory ignorance of gorgeous robes or ritualistic ceremony because of the very poverty of their environment. The chanting of the Psalms, the repetition of the Lord's Prayer and of Heavenly promises from inspired Scripture, such were fully sufficient for them to interpret to their needs the Story of the Cross in their cells and in the little church built of wood, wattles and clay, all roofed with thatch.

The ruins we now see of Cathedral, Nunnery, St. Oran's Chapel, St. Martin's Cross, and the Reilig Odhrain, stand like finger-posts pointing backward, as sentries guarding hallowed ground. When Columba died in 597 A.D., "the whole church resounded with loud lamentations of grief." The monastery he had founded had come to be acknowledged as the head of all the various monasteries or churches throughout Scotland and Northern England, and had even extended its influence over older foundations in Ireland.

Then the marauding Norsemen—Pagans who "feared neither God nor man," ever showing special aversion to all forms of mental intelligence — swept down the west coast, burning and slaying, and Iona suffered keenly. In rapid succession we have records of fire and sword in the years 795, 798, and 802 A.D. ; then in 806 A.D., sixty-eight of the family of Iona were killed. The precious relics of Columba were carried off to Ireland for safety in 807 A.D., and remained at Kells till 818 A.D., at which date the buildings in Iona were replaced in stone. The irrepressible

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St. Oran's Chapel and the Tombs.

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Dane returned in 878 A.D.; the relics were again moved for safety to Dunkeld, to Abernethy, finally to Ireland, and until 1074 the story is of repeated plunder and ruin.

Oran was the first of Columba's monks to die on Iona. To Oran's memory Queen Margaret dedicated a chapel over the site of Columba's original church, and so St. Oran's ruins take precedence over all others, even though they date five hundred years later than St. Columba's day. So sacred was this spot, that tradition tells that even the terrible Magnus of Norway started back from its low doorway and spared it in his raid. Tradition, not always reliable, may be fully trusted in this instance, because of the *Reilig Odhrain* or royal burial place. "Among the tenacious affections of the Celt, there is none more tenacious than that which clings to the place which is consecrated to the Dead." Even when Columba landed, this place was believed to be the centre of Druidic worship. Fergus II., ally of Alaric the Goth who sacked Rome, was buried here a century before Columba's landing, and between him and good Prince Conal, who gave the island to the Saint, were five kings —so much for mythical history. Here, too, a year after Conal's death, was ordained Aidan warrior Christian who carried the Gospel message into Northern England and sent the spoils, seized from Pagan Saxons and Picts, back to Iona. From 404 A.D. to 1040—or from Fergus II. to the Great Macbeth—forty-eight kings of Scotland, eight kings of Norway, four of Ireland, and one of France, were believed to be buried here with abbots and monks, chiefs and chieftains, most notable of whom we recall the "gentle Duncan" at peace in

> "The sacred storehouse of his predecessors
> And guardian of their bones."

The "Chief of Ulva's Isle" and the "Lord of the Isles" also lie here. Close by is the broken cross of Abbot McKinnen, its interlaced carving a wonderful proof of the freedom of execution and intricacy of design displayed

by these craftsmen of bygone days. The fashion of erecting a cross over every spot of interest left over 360 crosses on Iona, but all have disappeared save Maclean's Cross and St. Martin's Cross, with several others more or less entire. St. Martin's or the Cross of Christendom is the most perfect stone cross in existence—a solid slab of mica schist, 14 feet high, 18 inches broad, and 10 inches thick—fixed in a massive block of red granite three feet above the ground. Nothing in Christian art so indelibly impresses one as this grand and lonely cross, sentinel over the mouldering dust of the long dead past, a memory of St. Martin of the fourth century, himself a friend of the good St. Ninian, and both alike revered by St. Columba. Between this cross and the Cathedral doorway are two stone coffins, said to belong to Columba and his faithful Diarmid, and near these is a solid granite basin, used for washing the feet before entering the sanctuary. A stone, marked with a cross, is also pointed out as Columba's pillow.

The Cathedral, of the usual cruciform shape, dates from the twelfth to the late fifteenth century. Its tower of "four sides to every wind that blows" has two particularly fine windows, one a perforated quatrefoil, the other a marigold or Catherine-wheel window. The carvings on the capitals of the pillars are wonderfully fine, even though sadly defaced by the heavy hand of Time.

In ecclesiastical polity the Church here has recognised many changes. Abbot Duncan, last of the Columban order, died in 1099; then the Bishop of Drontheim held supremacy over the Diocese of Man and the Isles till 1156. In 1164, Skene tells us, the Culdees were in possession, because the "mighty Somerled" had restored the Monastery to the Abbot of Derry; and then in 1208, Reginald, his heir, established the Benedictine Monks and also placed his sister Beatrice as Prioress in the newly built Nunnery. The Bishop of Man and the Isles again held supremacy till 1431; then Iona came under the sway of Dunkeld, and afterwards under that of St. Andrews, and in 1506, when James IV. sat

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St. Martin's Cross.

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upon the throne, Iona was finally restored to the Diocese of the Isles, and its church made the Cathedral of the Diocese. Charles I. granted the island to the Marquis of Argyll in 1648, and his descendant, the late Duke of Argyll, returned it to the care of the Church in 1899, encouraged to do so by the public worship and services held on the occasion of Saint Columba's thirteenth centenary in 1897.

Scotland has recovered from the fright which produced the Reformation; she no longer considers that a beautiful church, a reverent ritual, must of necessity be the symbols of Popery; so that everywhere throughout her borders churches are being restored, and a love for worship, conducted reverently and in order, inculcated. But until 1897 no public recognition of the blessings inherited from the Saints of the early Church had been accorded. It was a happy thought that led to the celebration of Columba's centenary on Iona during the Session of the General Assembly. Simple but most effective were the preparations for this national gathering of representative clergy and laymen. A canvas roof was stretched over the Cathedral, the rank grass was cut, and chairs for over three hundred worshippers were placed on Nature's carpet of soft turf; a pulpit was erected where formerly stood the High Altar of the good Queen Margaret's dedication, and by its side, in central position, stood the Communion Table with fair white cloth. Everything seemed so appropriate, so church-like, that a general feeling prevailed that very little need be done to make those hallowed walls fit for permanent worship. In the opening services, Gaelic was used by those dignitaries of the Scottish Church who are familiar with the Celtic tongue. Thus, over the dust of those warrior Macleods and Macleans of fierce memory, was preached the gospel of love and goodwill by their peace-abiding descendants. Yet in spite of their simplicity, nowhere else in Britain, in that momentous year, were heard more impressive services. The commemorators of St. Augustine's landing did not excel, even in their magnificent Gregorian strains, the singing of

the eighty-fourth Psalm—the greeting between St. Columba and St. Kentigern. Its wailing minor tones, the very unfamiliarity of its language—"soft as the speech of streams from rugged mountains, wild as that of the winds in the tops of fir-trees, the language at once of bards and of fighting men"—all helped to swell the effect upon the Lowland or English visitor as he gazed through open doorway and unglazed window, and also heard the voices of the birds as they filled up every gap in the melody created by this gathering which disturbed their abiding place around the ancient altars. How liquid and smooth-flowing sounded that story of the birds: "Fhuair eadhon an ghealbhoun tigh, agus an gobhlan-gaoithe nead dhi féin, anns an cuireadh i a h-alach; t'altairean-sa, a Thighearna nan slògh, mo Dhia, agus mo Righ." The swallow and the sparrow and many another feathered singer of the heavens had kept up the worship of praise for centuries and ours was but an interlude; let us have faith that it may yet prove to have been a prelude. St. Columba's last act was to copy out the thirty-fourth Psalm, and it appropriately formed the subject of the anthem. Then the sermon, from the text, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground," gave rapid sketch of Columba's life with incisive application to the story of our modern conditions. The preacher pointed out that not the Christianity of Scotland alone, but that of England, owns the influence of this first great Irish missionary, whose name is known and loved to this day in lonely islets, in wild Highland glens, in cities and in villages, as the founder of churches, the apostle of nations, the bringer of light and love and the gospel to the wild tribes of the north, and whose disciples and successors made so deep an impression on the heathen Saxons and Angles of Northumbria, that under the power of their intense spiritual zeal, it became in its turn a centre of Christian missions for the rest of England.

We cannot roll back the years, yet no need to scout the idea that the twentieth century can learn aught from

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The Interior.

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the sixth century. No need either to discount the importance of Augustine's mission, which founded the Latin Church as Columba's life closed. Augustine's mission rose above the level of ecclesiasticism ; it brought into a great commonwealth the Western peoples and gave to them an organised authority which, if imperfect, was none the less the greatest civilising power of barbarous and brutal times. "The loss of the old Celtic independence in religion which eventually followed was the first necessary step in the advance from Celtic barbarism." From that day to this, devoted men, inheritors of the great Columba's zeal, have preached "the faith of our fathers." They and they only speak his language, they labour in the same field, they carry to his own people his message of love and of life's duty nobly done, and with such an inheritance they need not to trouble over the doctrine of Apostolic succession.

As before said, the ruins have been gifted to the Church of Scotland, and ere long may be restored for service and worship. Would that some generous member of the kirk might feel impelled to start the good work ! The donor, who in life proved how close the story of the Island was to his heart, writes of it : "Its history touches an immense variety of interests, the migration of races, the rise of nations, the conquests of Christianity, the developments of belief."

Another and less partial critic, Samuel Johnson, severe judge of many things Scottish, says : "That man is little to be envied whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

The attraction is irresistible, the impression never to be forgotten, and one finds it very hard indeed to say even *Au revoir* to Iona. Standing on the grassy mound close by the simple pier one can look across to the softened beauty of Mull and picture vividly a scene from the past—the rough boats and the galleys coming up the rocky sound, "their dark freight a vanished life"—whilst a solemn procession of monks, chanting dirges, winds down the route marked by crosses to meet those bearers of the dead. On this very mound the

body was laid, whilst psalms were sung and prayers chanted over it for three days and nights, before the last rites were performed in the Reilig Odhrain. The ruins are venerable, yet yield in interest to these graves, the everlasting token to us of the reverence felt for Iona by successive generations of our forefathers. A proof, too, that bloody chief and cruel warrior, who in life practised that "might was right," hoped in death to expiate their sins by being buried in the soil which the saintly Columba had trod. May the Saint's prophecy be fulfilled in our day!

"An I mo chridhe, I mo graidh
An aite guth manaich bid gheum ba;
Ach mun tig an saoghal gu crich
Bithidh I mar a bha."

"In Iona of my heart, Iona of my love,
Instead of monk's voice shall be lowing of kine;
But ere the world comes to an end
Shall be Iona as it was."

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Glasgow Cathedral.

To face page 9.

GLASGOW

St. Mungo.
St. Kentigern.
543 A.D.

Refounded
1115 A.D.

"Here the Cross was planted, and here was ground blessed for Christian burial by a Christian bishop, while Iona was yet an unknown island among the Western waves, while the promontory of St. Andrews was the haunt of the wild boar and the sea-mew, and only the smoke of a few heathen wigwams ascended from the rock of Edinburgh. The ground which St. Ninian hallowed and St. Kentigern chose for the seat of his religion was honoured also by the footsteps of St. Columba, who came hither in pilgrimage from his island monastery, singing hymns in honour of the Apostle of Strathclyde."

SO writes Dr. Joseph Robertson of the beginnings of Christian life and work in Glasgow whose Cathedral of St. Mungo stands by far the fairest and finest of Scotland's churches, admired alike by native Briton and foreign tourist.

The devastations of the Reformation period left no permanent injury on its architecture, and in this respect its record is unique on the Mainland. St. Magnus, its sister in similar good fortune, points for us the story of warriors and statesmen in the making of the nation. In excellent contrast, we turn to find in Glasgow the influence of the churchman and the ecclesiastic as founders of the city and advisers of our Scottish kings.

No need therefore for prolonged detail of Nave, Choir, Transepts, Lady Chapel, Chapter House, and the beautiful Lower Church, commonly called the Crypts; we see them

now as they have ever been—a beautiful house of worship to the glory of God—the very source and centre of Glasgow, from which she derives City Seal and Arms and her now curtailed motto, "Let Glasgow flourish" (by the preaching of the Word).

St. Mungo is in one sense a misnomer. St. Kentigern were more correct title; and yet, after a period of thirteen centuries, is it not as wisdom for us to realise the vitality of good deeds—a more enduring monument than hewn marble? Every time our lips frame the name of Mungo we perpetuate the beauty of Kentigern's character and life as "well-beloved" saint. In his story we have the story of early Glasgow, and as briefly as possible we should recall a few facts concerning him before descending into the Lower Church to visit his shrine, from which radiating centre the Cathedral has been developed.

What a gap in English literature, what a blow to national standards of idealism would befall us, were the Arthurian Legends to be spirited out of our mental vision! Though vague in definition and shadowy in facts, neither materialism nor realism can ever satisfy us as do these tales of the hero of heroes who lived during "the two lost centuries" of History. To that same period Kentigern belonged, and beautiful exceedingly are the traditions of his life. Like St. David of Wales, he was of princely birth; his reputed father, Eugenius III., was the forty-sixth king of Scots, better known as Ewen of Cambria, and his mother, Thenaw, a daughter of Loth, King of the Picts, a worshipper of Woden and Thor, whose name is perpetuated in our *Lothians*. His wife was Ann, a daughter of Uter Pendragon, and therefore aunt of the famous King Arthur. All this we learn from Fordun and a Paris Chronicle of 1579.

We may here recall that Cambria, or Strathclyde, included all the country lying south of the Firths of Forth and Clyde, and part of Northern England; also that "the gentle Duncan" excited Macbeth's ire by naming his son Malcolm "Prince of Cumbria."

Thenaw became a Christian, and in the enthusiasm born of her new faith believed herself to be honoured as was the Virgin Mary. Her father, according to the law of his time, was compelled to put her to death, so she was thrown from a precipice, but miraculously escaped unhurt. Then, cast adrift in a boat outside the Isle of May, a shoal of fishes bore the skiff up the Forth to Culross, where St. Serf, or Servanus, lived and laboured. There her child was born, and when a shepherd took mother and child to the cell of the aged hermit, he, with prophetic vision, greeted the infant—"Blessed art thou that comest in the Name of the Lord," and he baptised the child and named him Kentigern.

Then we have a story resembling in many points that of the youthful Samuel and aged Eli. The boy grew in favour and grace, and soon Munghu, or "dear one," became as a second name. St. Serf had a favourite robin redbreast, mischievous boys pulled its head off, but Munghu put body and head together and it flew joyously to the aged Saint. The "Monastery" lamp before the altar was maliciously extinguished at midnight; Munghu pulled a frozen branch off a hazel tree and blew on it so that it leaped into flame. Many other miracles are recorded; these two are necessary to knowledge in connection with the city's coat of arms.

This monastery was situated on an island in Loch Leven. It afterwards became a great centre of the Culdees, and one of the few early records extant tells of a gift of land to this monastery of St. Servanus from Macbeth and his wife, the Lady Gruoch—although Dr. Skene disputes by chronology that Mungo's St. Serf and the later Hermit of Loch Leven were one and the same.

Kentigern was twenty-five years old when the call came for him to go forth to preach. He reached the shores of the Forth which like the Red Sea was opened up for his passage, crossed to the southern bank, invoking the blessing of Heaven on his aged guardian who in vain begged him to return. He journeyed on and reached Kernach (possibly Carnwath), and there met the aged hermit Fergus who, as

if inspired, recited the *Nunc Dimittis* and then immediately died. Kentigern spent the night in prayer, and in the morning yoked two wild bulls to a cart, on which he placed the old man's body, resolving to follow wherever they should lead. No details are given of this journey which ultimately ended at Deschu or Cathures (for both names appear) on the banks of the Molendinar (now a covered sewer). Here he found a primitive church built by St. Ninian, also a cemetery in which was buried the body of Fergus.

On a stone over the entrance to the Blackadder Crypt we may see in Saxon lettering, "This is ye ile of Car Fergus," so we naturally infer that the Crypt now covers the place of Ninian's Cemetery.

Kentigern was now back in his father's land of Cambria or Strathclyde, and by request of its king and people he remained with them, and was consecrated as a bishop by one who came specially from Ireland for this purpose. We next read of his incurring the hatred of King Marken. In primitive communities there seems to have existed between the Saint and the Wizard that same intangible line which we now recognise as dividing genius from insanity. When the King died from acute gout in the same foot which had on occasion kicked St. Mungo, his queen and courtiers pronounced the Saint a wizard and clamoured for his life. He fled to Wales, and with St. David (his relative) found shelter and communion for a time.

Again a wild beast served as guide to new abiding place, where he founded "a college" and gathered around him many followers. Chief of these was Asaph, who succeeded him in its directorate—the St. Asaph's of North Wales. Our Scottish St. Mungo is therefore Kindeyrn Garthwys to the Welsh.

The new king of Strathclyde, Rhydderch or Roderick, having been baptised by St. Patrick, sent messengers imploring Mungo to return to Glasgow. Then we have the second series of miracles now commemorated in the City Arms. Queen Langueth had given the King's ring to a

soldier lover. He one day fell asleep, and as the King passed by, he recognised his own ring, pulled it off, and threw it into the river. Then, sending for the Queen, he demanded the return of his pledge, and she in great distress appealed to St. Mungo. He ordered a fishing-line to be cast into the Clyde ; a salmon was hooked and caught, and in its stomach the veritable ring was found. The Queen's life was saved, and Mungo's power thus established in the royal house.

Tradition tells that St. Mungo visited Rome seven times, and on one of these occasions brought back a consecrated bell—square, as were all Celtic bells—and that it hung on a tree. This bell was in use as a death bell till 1661, when it disappeared. The bird, the branch, the ring, the fish, the bell, the motto—all are attributed to St. Kentigern ! although in Genoa we find a very similar rhyme to—

"The bird that never flew,
The fish that never swam,
The tree that never grew,
The bell that never rang."

Most important in Church history was St. Columba's visit to Kentigern, their affectionate greeting, their chanting of the psalms and at final parting their exchange of staves. For many centuries one of the treasures of St. Wilfrid's Church in Ripon was Mungo's staff, carried into Northern England by one of the family of Iona.

Columba returned to Iona and died in 597 A.D. Mungo lived on to 603 A.D., and in his old age "visited Orkney, Norway, and Iceland." St. Thenaw, his mother, lived near him, and in St. Enoch we commemorate her name.

In a vision on his death-bed, an angel directed that Mungo's body be placed in a warm bath so that his spirit might thereby depart easily. Those of his followers who wished to join him were also advised to place themselves in the bath after the removal of the Saint's body, and, as many availed themselves thereof, this may in part explain the tradition "that 665 Saints were laid to rest around him."

"Diligently and most devoutly, as the custom of the Church at that time required, they celebrated his obsequies, and on the right side of the Altar they laid beneath a stone with as much becoming reverence as they could, that home of the virtues, that precious stone by whose merit, as it was a time for collecting stones for the edifice of the Heavenly Temple, many elect and lovely stones, along with that pearl, were taken up and laid in the treasury of the great King." Then around his tomb the miracles of his life were perpetuated—the blind, the deaf, the halt, the maimed, the leper, and the lunatic found health and healing, whilst the profaner, the impious, and the sacrilegious were unmasked and punished.

We may believe as much or as little as we please of Kentigern's miraculous powers, but certainly their similarity to those recorded in Scripture is both striking and suggestive, and as we stand by the place of his tomb in the Crypt, we must feel that Mungo was a pure and bright light in a far-off age of darkness. In the mediæval Church his name was specially revered, his festival joyously observed. Many hymns were composed in his honour, and from the Aberdeen Breviary, and famed Arbuthnot Missal (now in Paisley Museum) we select two couplets indicative of the position accorded to him—

"Through thee, great prelate, son of royal line,
Lothian and Cambria with new honours shine."

"And Scotia is converted to the faith divine
Through thee, Glory, through thee."

Scotland never forgets how much she owes to her early Celtic saints, to their "Colleges and Monasteries," to their simplicity of doctrine and ritual. Glasgow, second city of the Empire, first in progress, owes everything to Mungo's sweet memory, which inspired Prince David to found her cathedral and diocese five centuries after the Saint's death. To his successors of the Latin Church she owes her special

municipal privileges and her University, so that the words of the ancient hymn have been actually fulfilled—

"In him be joyful, Glasgow chiefly
Thy fortunes he'll raise high briefly."

PRE-REFORMATION CHURCH.

St. Mungo was said to have been succeeded by St. Baldred, a name familiar in North Berwick, and then there is a long suggestive silence, denoting without doubt a relapse into paganism.

David, Prince of Cambria, the worthy "Sair Sanct," is next upon the scene; and he, recalling Mungo's work and the "savour of that sweet smelling tree out of filthy ground," appealed, on behalf of his favourite tutor—John Achaius—to Pope Paschall II. John was consecrated in Rome about 1115, and sent home to Scotland to found a diocese. His sojourn was but short however since he fled a pilgrim to the Holy Land, in actual terror of his life from the wild men of Strathclyde, and only by compulsion did he return.

The cemetery—ever most sacred of all sacred places in Celtic sentiment—with a tall cross and a few old trees were all that remained of St. Mungo's relics.

About 1124, Bishop John commenced his new cathedral; in 1136 it was consecrated in the presence of King David and his court, and in 1192 we read of its being burned to the ground. In the interim, however, there was much making of history: lands had been given to the see; King David had been succeeded by Malcolm IV., who in a charter greeting "Normans, Saxons, Scots, Welsh, and Picts," commands these same to pay full tithes of produce and cattle. Glasgow was rising into such note that the Archbishop of York claimed its allegiance, but was successfully resisted; and in 1174, Joceline, the fourth bishop, was consecrated. His is a name to be remembered and honoured. As prime favourite of William the Lion, he obtained from

this king, in 1180, a charter which transformed the village into the burgh of Glasgow, with power to hold a weekly market every Thursday. A second charter granted absolute protection to all who attended these markets; and still a third makes us clearly realise social life and conditions in Scotland during the twelfth century—the King gave to his Bishop "Gillemachoy de Conglud, with his children and all their descendants as serfs."

In return for these and other favours, Joceline went in 1182 to Rome and obtained from Pope Lucius III. exemption from all censure for his royal master. Joceline was essentially a man of energy. In 1197 a new church was consecrated, that beautiful crypt now bearing his name, in which a tomb and high altar were erected to St. Kentigern. One of the earliest votive offerings on record is "a stone of wax yearly to make candles for the daily mass on this Altar."

Most interesting is the story of the Guild or Fraternity, sanctioned by royal letters, to collect money for this new church, which the King described as follows: "Though it be poor and lowly in temporal state, is the spiritual mother of many tribes." We regard successful biography as one of the later developments in literature. In order to raise money, Bishop Joceline engaged Brother Joceline of Furness to write of *The Life and Miracles of St. Kentigern*, and he did his work so well that we might fitly rank him as Boswell's peer. He certainly stops short at nothing likely to advance the importance of Mungo and his church. The story of miracles and other details already referred to, in connection with the Saint, are culled from this book (still extant), although we know that the facts may have been enlarged upon from an older MS. life, now lost.

During the octave of Peter and Paul in 1197 a great Dedication Feast took place, with a fair of eight days' duration. Not a working man or woman in Glasgow now but looks forward to "the Fair Holiday" in July, though comparatively few may know how and when its privileges

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The Choir.

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were first granted. Two years later, the good Bishop Joceline died, and not until 1220 have we another record of note.

Bishop Walter then obtained exemption from toll and custom, levied on his people, by the towns of Rutherglen and Dumbarton—mere villages now in comparison with the second city in the Empire. Bishop Bondington succeeded in 1233, and in 1242, the Council of clergy, at Perth, granted indulgences for all who gave or raised money towards the building of Glasgow Cathedral. From these moneys, the fine Choir was built and finished in 1258. This Bishop also introduced the Ritual of Sarum. The next dignitary of note earned national fame—Robert Wishart, "well-beloved bishop" of Robert the Bruce. When King Alexander III. died in 1286, Wishart was appointed one of the Lords of Regency, and at Norham Castle dared to remind Edward I. of England that, as a prince of wisdom and integrity, the Scots had desired his advice, but they also denied his right to dictate terms to them as "Overlord."

The Central Tower and the Transepts were presumably built about this time, as in 1277, record tells of the Chapter's privileges to cut timber on the banks of Luss "for the fabric of their steeple and treasury." In 1291 also, "the warlike" Bishop begged timber for the spire of his Cathedral from English Edward, and he, as a good churchman who had bowed before its altar, granted one hundred oaks, and also twenty stags for the Bishop's own use. Alas! the prelate ate the venison and made "catapults and engines" from the wood to besiege the garrisons of the royal donor—truly "a pestilent priest." In vain Pope Boniface reproved his contumacy and ordered him to seek repentance and forgiveness. He was a Scot first, a son of Rome second, and preached that it were better far to fight with Robert Bruce for the independence of Scotland than to go as a crusader to meet a Saracen foe. We Scots all feel proud that Scotland was never a conquered country; let us

gratefully acknowledge Bishop Wishart's share in this honourable achievement. He not only absolved his hero for the murder of Comyn, but from his own wardrobe of vestments prepared robes for Bruce's coronation at Scone in 1306. In that same year he was taken prisoner by the English, became blind during his captivity, and not until prisoners were exchanged after Bannockburn was fought and won in 1314, was Bruce able to greet his loyal friend. Only two years more of life and liberty were granted him, and in these years he was associated with Fordun in the compilation of the national Chronicles. One looks in vain around the building for some visible memorial to this patriotic Scot. Many a man of less glorious record has lived on to fame—his deeds perpetuated to later generations in bronze or marble tablet.

In 1400, the Steeple, whether finished or unfinished, was struck by lightning but Bishop Lauder (1408–25) replaced it in stone, and set his arms on its parapet. Lauder's Crypt, below the Chapter House, was also his work, left unfinished for Bishop Cameron's advent at the very zenith of Church glory. The "Magnificent Bishop" built the Chapter House, and on the central pillar, supporting its beautiful groined roof, carved his arms as a scion of Lochiel's ancient clan. In his day, pomp and punctiliousness marked every ceremony, the great Church festivals were gorgeously observed, the streets were filled with processions of choristers and priests carrying crucifixes, banners, and candles to the chanting of *Te Deums*, while flowers, incense, and vestments added to the unwonted brilliancy of the scene. Money was freely spent on his episcopal palace, and the lists of costly treasures and relics under his care tell of Bishop Cameron's love for ceremonious display.

Although in the Cathedral itself, we can only attribute the roof of the north aisle to Bishop Turnbull, to him we owe the foundation of a mighty monument not made with hands, and for this his name is revered beyond all others. In 1450 he obtained from Pope Nicholas II. a Bull authorising a

Studium Generale to be opened, the beginning of the University, whose ninth jubilee has so recently been celebrated. For many years the clergy of the Cathedral were its chief supporters, and its handful of students met to be taught in the Lower Church. James II. truly wished that his Alma Universitas might prosper, but King James was but a little less impecunious than were the great majority of his subjects. He, however, granted a charter to the good Bishop, erecting the burgh into a burgh of regality with its special privileges.

Bishop Blackadder is the next of note. He built the fine rood screen with its quaintly grotesque carvings, also the altarages in front thereof. The great stair leading to the Lower Church was also his work, and we may claim that the whole effect is but rarely equalled and not surpassed elsewhere in Britain. Archæologist and architect alike find much to admire in its detail. He also wished to extend the South Transept, but only its undercroft was finished—that which we call Blackadder's crypt. It formed a beautiful and appropriate close to the building, which, begun in 1124, was carried on until his death in 1508, and which gave rise to the saying—

"Like St. Mungo's work it will never be finished."

During Blackadder's rule, the Diocese was converted into the See of an Archbishop, and was declared independent of St. Andrews by Pope Innocent VIII. in 1491–92.

King James IV. who was a Canon of Glasgow and therefore attended its Chapters as an active member, urged the Pope for this favour because "it surpasses the other cathedral churches of my realm by its structure, its learned men, its foundation, its ornaments, and other very noble prerogatives." The King also sent its Archbishop to take part in the negotiations for his marriage with Margaret Tudor, one of the notable events of Scottish national history.

James Beaton, afterwards the famous Cardinal, came next

in succession, and after his translation to St. Andrews, Gavin Dunbar ruled. Lollardism had reached Scotland, the infallibility of Rome was openly questioned, and the smoke from two heretics, burned beside the church, darkened the Eastern windows, forecast of more gloomy days yet to come.

In 1545, John Knox made merry over a conflict for precedence between Dunbar's and Beaton's followers at the Cathedral door—the beginning of the end. Dunbar died in 1547, and five years later, another Beaton, nephew of the Cardinal, was consecrated to be the last of that long line, of whom John Achaius was the first. The fortification of his palace received more of Beaton's attention than the Cathedral, and to this stronghold he removed all the precious relics and jewels, the vessels of gold and silver, and the valuable archives and charters. In 1560, he fled with these to France, depositing them in the Scots College and the Chartreuse in Paris; and as he died in 1603, he bequeathed these national possessions to the same. (The Maitland Club have published the Register of Glasgow.)

The Reformation was accomplished in the land, and the Cathedral was saved from the iconoclasts. Only the lead had been stripped from the roof; but in 1574, and again in 1579, the Provost and citizens taxed themselves for the proper maintenance of the building—to be counted to them for righteousness. When we read Andrew Fairservice's graphic account of this time in the pages of *Rob Roy*, we realise that it was verily a case of "touch and go" with the fate of the Cathedral—so narrowly did it escape destruction. For twelve years after the Reformation there is no record of any meeting for worship in the Cathedral, it being shunned as "a monument to popery," and not until 1572 was praise again heard within its walls.

In 1582, we have a sad offset to that former scene for precedence which excited John Knox's ridicule. The Collegians—followers of Andrew Melvil, first Principal of the University, and the supporters of Montgomery, one

of the four "Tulchan" Archbishops—met in free fight, and Howieson, the Presbyterian minister, was pulled out of the pulpit by his beard, his teeth knocked out, and he and his sympathisers cast into the Tolbooth. We now live in such an age of tolerance that we can afford to smile at one of the serious charges brought against Montgomery because he said that "Ministers were captious and men of curious brains."

Beaton, who had been allowed to retain the emoluments of his office, died in 1603, and was succeeded by Spottiswoode, a man of gentle birth who, as a brilliant student of the University of Glasgow, graduated at the age of sixteen; succeeded to his father's pulpit and duties in 1585; and ten years later, declared for Episcopacy and became one of the King's strongest advisers. We know that he repaired the roof of the Cathedral in 1606, and that in 1615 he was made Primate of Scotland. His most notable act, as Archbishop of St. Andrews, was the erection of the Collegiate church of St. Giles into the Cathedral church of the Diocese of Edinburgh in 1633.

Apostate, renegade, traitor—such names have been applied to this first Protestant Archbishop of Glasgow (if we exclude the four "Tulchans")—let us remember that he lived during troublous and controversial times when critical judgments (so-called) were but too often the expression of personal rancour. (A record relative to the Christmas of 1593 speaks volumes for us—"The Kirk and Magistrates ordered that all who attempted to keep Yule should lose all the privileges of Kirk including marriage.") Spottiswoode was a man gifted alike with intellect and ambition, and had he lived in our own times, would assuredly have earned and kept his place amongst the leaders of the day. His well-known work, *The History of the Church of Scotland*, is considered a most valuable contemporary record, and so deeply has it been appreciated by scholars, that the Spottiswoode Club was instituted in Edinburgh about a century ago, for the editing and publishing of all works on Scottish history and

antiquities. He died in London in 1639, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

In 1638, the General Assembly, at its meeting in Glasgow, declared for Presbyterianism.

Twelve years later Cromwell entered Glasgow, and on the following Sunday attended worship in the High Kirk, as it was then called. For three hours he sat, a seemingly patient listener to the eloquent Mr. Zachary Boyd, who, in language much more plain than pleasant, revealed his opinion of Cromwell's character. Thurlow, his secretary, became so exasperated that he repeatedly asked permission "to pistol the scoundrel." Cromwell was a great general, able to make the punishment fit the crime to perfection. He cordially invited Mr. Boyd to sup with him; discussed and argued with his guest on questions of theology; and afterwards engaged in prayer for three long hours. Then at three o'clock in the morning Mr. Boyd was dismissed with the Protector's blessing. The chair in which the Protector sat during service is still shown, and it was one of the attractive objects of interest in the recent Exhibition.

Glasgow rejoiced at the Restoration of Charles II. in 1660, at which date Episcopacy was again established, and seven Archbishops followed each other in rapid succession. Of these, Robert Leighton spent four years here, 1670–74, and "his low sweet voice and angelic strains of eloquence and devotion haunted his hearers to their dying day." The story of his life and influence belongs to the Cathedral of Dunblane.

In 1688, the Revolution brought in its train the final declaration for Presbyterianism as the national form of religion. From that day to this the record has been of peace, of zeal for all that is fair and of good report, and of an ever strengthening union between laymen and clergy in their efforts for national righteousness.

"It is impossible for a student of ecclesiastical antiquities not to look back with fond regret to the lordly and ruined Church, which we have traced from its cradle to its grave,

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The Nave.

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not stopping to question its doctrines, and throwing into a friendly shade its errors of practice. And yet, if we consider it more deeply, we may be satisfied that the gorgeous fabric fell not till it had completed its work, and was no longer useful. Institutions, like mortal bodies, die and are reproduced. Nations pass away, and the worthy live again in their colonies. Our own proud and free England may be destined to sink, and to leave only a memory and those offshoots of her vigorous youth which have spread civilisation over half the world. In this view, it was not unworthy of that splendid hierarchy, which arose out of the humble family of St. Kentigern, to have given life and vigour to such a city as Glasgow, and a school of learning like her University."

Thus Glasgow has truly flourished by the preaching of the Word.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

During the present century, several changes for the worse as well as for the better have been made upon the building. In 1829, public attention was called to the dilapidated condition of the nave, and to the accumulation of rubbish in the crypts.

The Nave, which in the past owned no man for its builder, evidently belongs principally to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The Restoration Committee set to work vigorously, —too much so—for the two towers of the western gable, which were probably built after the completion of the nave and the aisles, were cleared away; the south-west tower in 1845, and its north-west companion, which had formerly been used as a Consistory Court, in 1848. The great west doorway was opened up, and the fine west window restored. As we stand beneath this window we are impressed by the seeming length of the building, although only 283 feet in all; by the loftiness of nave and choir; by the perspective of massive pillars with deeply carved capitals and finely pointed arches; by the stately yet severely simple effect of the whole. If the altars

have disappeared, the eye gains thereby in the uninterrupted line of architectural development. Nowhere else in Britain can one see such perfect architectural effect from pillared vaults as in the Lower Church, and there are but few of the greater cathedrals on the Continent which can approach the same perfection.

The windows of the two churches, 159 in all, present a display of stained glass unequalled in the country, and no story of St. Mungo's Cathedral can be considered complete without a brief sketch thereof. It has also been claimed for these windows that, although modern, yet taking into consideration their number, their beauty of colouring, of design, and of workmanship, and also the assured status of the schools and artists which they represent, this collection is not surpassed by any other in Europe. This indeed sounds high praise, but may now be strongly modified. In the nave, as well as in the choir, the colouring is in several instances brilliant to garishness, and we also note with deep regret that in many windows the features of saints and prophets are sadly defaced, even to obliteration. Texts are also faded out, and within the past five years there has been marked deterioration of beauty and effect. The atmosphere of the city, heavily charged with chemicals in this particular neighbourhood, has been blamed as the cause thereof, but one feels dubious as to the acceptance of such a statement in its entirety. So far as known, stained-glass windows in other manufacturing towns, with equally impure atmosphere, have not suffered to the same extent. The windows in the Crypts do not show so much deterioration ; the beauty and perfect condition of mediæval glass is patent to all ; and the window that cannot show forth clear and good to its own jubilee, surely betokens bad workmanship. One regrets, too, that when this series of windows was completed, the Morris and Burne-Jones school had not yet raised itself to public esteem, so we have no window in this Cathedral, proclaiming by its soft and subdued tones the work of those artistic master craftsmen.

In commenting upon the decay of the glass, no charge can be made as to the possible ignorance of an amateur committee or of any economies on the part of the donors. Facts prove far otherwise. After the restoration of the building was completed in 1855, Sir Andrew Orr, Lord Provost of the City, called a meeting of all citizens and heritors able and willing to subscribe towards the restoration of the Cathedral windows. Glasgow was then in the heyday of prosperity and most liberally did her merchant princes vie with public-spirited noblemen in willingness to contribute towards such worthy object. The acting committee very wisely decided to place the responsibility of all detail as to the selection of artists, &c., in the hands of Chevalier Maximilian Ainmiller, inspector of the Royal Establishment of glass painting in Munich, a proof that no insular prejudice prevailed. Although the artists were left entirely free as to the treatment of their subject, a general scheme of unity was carried out. Beginning in the north-west corner of the Nave, according to rule and practice, the subjects follow each other from the Expulsion from the Garden of Eden throughout the order of Bible chronology—Adam, Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, Job, Aaron and Miriam, Joshua and Deborah, Gideon and Ruth, Samuel and Hannah, Saul, David, Elijah, Elisha, Hezekiah, Esther, Daniel—the scenes and events in the life of each being grouped around the respective characters.

The window over the Western Door, the work of Chevalier Moritz von Schwind, depicts four national events in the history of God's chosen people—the Giving of the Law, the Entrance into the Promised Land, the Dedication of the Temple, the Captivity into Babylon.

The South Transept Window, by the same artist, illustrates the connection between the two Testaments; the types and anti-types of the Saviour in Noah's issuing from the Ark, the prototype of Christ's baptism in Jordan; so with the gathering of the manna and of the true bread from heaven through Christ; Melchizedec's offering bread and

wine with Christ's institution of the Holy Eucharist feast; Isaac's ascension of Mount Moriah carrying the faggots for sacrificial fire with Christ's bearing of His cross to Calvary; the Priest offering of the first fruits with Christ's resurrection as "the first fruits of them that slept."

The North Transept Window, by Heinrich von Hess—a member of almost every Academy of Art in Europe—depicts the Prophets Moses, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Malachi, and John the Baptist proclaiming the advent of the Saviour of the world. The Clerestory windows are also filled in by figures of men and women prominent in Sacred Writ, the work done by the Royal School in Munich.

Within the Choir, the windows illustrate the parables and miracles of our Lord; the Clerestory shows forth the figures of the Blessed Virgin and women of the New Testament noted for their good works; and in the Lady Chapel, the Apostles, with the exception of the four Evangelists, are depicted.

The Great East Window is familiarly known as the Queen's window, as it was the gift of Her late Majesty, Queen Victoria. The subject of the Four Evangelists has been nobly treated by Johann von Schrandolph, of the Royal Academy of Bavaria. In the lower divisions of the four lights are seen the Royal coats of arms—England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales—or the three lions (leopards) couchant, one lion rampant, one demi lion erect, and the three feathers. Less familiar, and therefore of greater interest, is the division showing the late Queen's private coat of arms, if it be not presumption to write of Queen Victoria as a private individual. A cap and peacock's feather and the motto "Fest und Treu" combine the Guelph and Coburg arms for the Queen and Prince Consort, whilst three peacock feathers and three green bars (for Prince Consort) appear alongside the three lions. These three green bars (confirming his father's arms) again appear with the three feathers in the coat of arms for the Prince of Wales, now the King. The Scottish thistle and the Irish harp are also prominent.

In no other cathedral is this Coburg and Guelph coat of arms to be seen, a fact which the official guide—a Scotsman to the core—rarely forgets to impress upon his hearers. The effect of the window is both rich and harmonious in its dignified treatment of the figures, and from its conspicuous position the weekly worshippers have ample opportunity for studying its detail. As one looks around, one is deeply impressed by "the boast of heraldry, the pomp of pride," seeing in every window the blazon of its donor's pedigree, his claim to recognition as a notable son of his country.

Turning towards the Chapter House, we shall find its windows, by Hughes of London, very effective indeed in their rich colouring upon a silver ground-work. The acts of Charity and Mercy—feeding the hungry, visiting the sick, clothing the naked—are graphically set forth. The window of special interest, however, is that showing St. Columba's visit to Kentigern, and Kentigern's baptism of the heathen.

The Nave and Choir excite our admiration, though at times we cannot but feel critical, and it is on making our descent into the magnificent Crypts that we fully realise the beauty of the glass and the power of its artificers. Here each window is as a gem enhanced in lustre by the dimness of the shafts of light stealing past the shadowy gray columns; here we spontaneously repeat Milton's immortal lines—

> "Storied windows richly dight
> Casting a dim religious light."

Above, we had looked on quality in quantity; below, we have the quality in all the perfection of miniature art. The exquisite jewelled effect of the series of windows by J. Baptiste Capronnier, of Brussels, is surely unique. How wonderfully realistic is that one in Blackadder's Crypt telling the story of St. Paul in Melita, the fire of logs, the adder fastened on the apostle's wrist, the growing horror and terror depicted on the faces of those around, and Paul's stern

The Irving Window, Lower Church.

courage as he shakes off the viper with drops of blood from the wound. There is a fascination in this window which compels one to look, to return, and finally to carry the whole scene vividly in the memory for many days to follow.

No less beautiful are the Bertini windows in the great Crypt. For boldness of outline, for colouring, and for drapery of robes, this artist of Milan is unrivalled. The golden robe of our Blessed Saviour reminds one of the textures of the great Spanish painters, its soft folds are so truly regal in their magnificence. Then, in splendid contrast, stands forth John the Baptist, in sombre garment of camel's hair with leathern girdle, his arms and legs bare and his head also uncovered. Only in the hands of a great artist could neutral tints produce such effect. We are all familiar with the eyes of paintings that human-like follow us about as we cross and recross in front of them, but here we have a figure that moves bodily. We pass to the left and it follows us; we stand in front, it faces us; we turn to the right, the whole body has moved also; even the sandalled feet seem to keep step with ours. An inspired treatment of an inspiring subject, truly the mightiest of messengers as well as a very appropriate memorial to the memory of the great Edward Irving, whose words of zeal awoke

such fervour and enthusiasm a generation ago that many believed in him as the Messenger of the Latter Day.

Hard by we may also see two windows of softly rich tints replete with interest from a historical point of view. King Roderick, St. Mungo, and St. Columba are painted in the one ; Archbishops Boyd, Burnet, and Paterson in the other ; whilst across the Crypt, we may also see King Roderick's child baptised by the good St. Mungo. In the Lauder Crypt, beneath the Chapter House, twelve small windows represent angels bearing emblems of our Lord and of the Evangelists.

Glasgow Cathedral is indeed worthy of attention, even from those who have visited the finest churches in Europe, for, as before said, its series of windows is unique in unity of design and purpose. Here we have the story of sacred writ from Genesis to the Revelation, a practical exposition of the Word of God even to the most inattentive hearer of that word as read or preached.

When, added to these attractions, we can find a simple yet reverent ritual of service, an eloquent sermon, and magnificent singing, need we wonder that a vast congregation worships here every Sunday, and that Scottish Presbyterians can point with justifiable pride to this church, within whose walls all things are done reverently and in order.

BRECHIN

St. Ninian.
4th Century.

Founded
990 A.D.

"There is a pleasure on the heath where Druids old have been,
Where mantles gray have rustled by and sweep the nettled green."

FOLLOWING up an assertion recently made that the early history of Scotland must be learned more or less from a study of her ecclesiastical buildings, by entering into the spirit of that time when gentle hermits and rude warriors alike were led to unconsciously perpetuate to future generations, in place-names and traditional folk-lore, their devotion to God's service, we may trace the story of the ancient City and Church of Brechin.

Her Roman camps, Celtic relics, Round Tower, Cathedral, Maisondieu Chapel, and Castle, all tell their tale effectively, for the most valuable lessons of history are not learned from books. Tradition speaks of Brechin "as the chief seat of Druidism benorth the Forth, and the Pictish capital." The *Pictish Chronicle* of date 990 A.D. says: "It was a great city."

St. Ninian, whom the venerable Bede styles "the most reverent bishop and holy man of the British nation," is its patron, and as we know that he travelled from "Whithorn in the South to the Grampians in the North," the first message of Christianity must have been heard here towards the close of the fourth century. St. Ninian was the close friend of St. Martin of Tours, and Martin's name was revered throughout Scotland. *Martinmas* is still one of the

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Brechin Cathedral and Round Tower.

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principal markets and hiring terms in Scottish farm and domestic life.

The position of the Cathedral and Round Tower (for the two must ever be associated together) on a sandstone rock, precipitous on two sides and sloping on the other two, presents a fit and highly probable site for Druidic worship, and local names are strongly corroborative of the same.

The Columbites established on the mainland three hundred mission colleges, all looking to the Mother Church at Iona as their head, and we may naturally presume that Brechin then became an active centre, for it was an unfailing custom of the early Fathers to establish Christian rites and ceremonies upon the sites of Druidic shrines. Its origin, however, is briefly yet succinctly recorded in the *Pictish Chronicle*, that King Kenneth III. "gave the great City of Brechin to the Lord" in 990 A.D.

Skene in his *Celtic Church* says : "Like the other churches which belong to the period after the establishment of a Scottish dynasty on the throne in the person of Kenneth Mac Alpin, it emanated from the Irish Church, and was assimilated in its character to the Irish monasteries ; and to this we may, no doubt, attribute the well-known Round Tower of Brechin." We near nothing more of this Church till the reign of David I. ; but one of the witnesses to the charter granted by him, in the eighth year of his reign, to the church at Deer, is "Leot, Abbot of Brechin," and again "Samson, Bishop of Brechin," witnesses a later charter.

Boece says, however, that the Danes in 1012, under Camus, cousin of King Sweyn, came to Brechin—"then ane nobill town," when they also

> "Brent all in fire,
> Except a steeple which that made defense
> Baith kirk and quire."

Malcolm II., 1001–34, was King then, he who was slain at Glamis Castle and whose grandson was the "gentle

Duncan" ; and there is also a tradition that this King built a monastery for the Culdees at Brechin in honour of his victory over the Danes. (The grave of Camus, with its beautifully carved and sculptured cross, may still be seen at Monikie where St. Regulus built the second church of his mission.)

When David, the "Sair Sanct," founded this Cathedral in 1150, he dedicated it to the Holy Trinity. The Culdees, however, are often alluded to in charters, notably "Bricius, Prior of the Keledei of Brechin," as taking rank immediately after the Bishop of St. Andrews ; and Skene says :—"Brechin thus presents at this time the same features as Abernethy, and shows us the Abbacy in the possession of a lay Abbot and a community of Keledei under a Prior." Hereditary lay Abbots they appear to have been, as records of Arbroath Abbey show son succeeding father, and we can easily understand this when we recall the Celtic law of Tanistry which made all offices, in Church and State, hereditary to the family, elective in the member.

One very interesting record in one of King David's charters "grants permission to hold markets on Sabbath to the Bishops and Culdees ; and his grandson, William the Lion, 1165–1214, confirms the said charter, using the same words." (To this day, the great fair of the year is held for three days in July, and is known as "Trinity Market.")

After the year 1218, we find the Keledei distinguished from the Chapter (of the Cathedral), and in 1248 they have entirely disappeared, and we hear only of the Dean and Chapter of Brechin.

Of these Culdees and their work we may truly write "Gone, but not forgotten," for the College yards, the College well, the College wynd, are still in the mouths of thoughtless schoolboys daily, whilst their more thoughtful elders know that these early Fathers were teachers filled with zeal and love of learning *per se*, and that the foundations of the national desire for universal education, which has stamped Scotland and her sons in the struggle for existence, were laid by the

early Celtic Fathers, and had their origin in the constitution and practice of the Celtic Church. John Knox preached vehemently and often against "Godless ignorant people," and his coupling of the one attribute with the other was a sign of the times.

We know that King David founded Brechin, contemporaneously with Dunblane, out of the Pictish diocese of Abernethy, but we know little or nothing of the actual building of the Cathedral. Not until the fourteenth century is there a single record, and even that is not told by ancient Chronicler nor contained in charter or chartulary of College or Cathedral; but in the session books of the lonely outlying parish of Lethnot, among the hills, we find this entry: "The vicar of the said parish in fulfilment of his obligation delivered to Patrick, Bishop of Brechin (1354–84), a large white horse, and also a cart and horse to lead stones to the building of the belfry of the Church of Brechin in the time of Bishop Patrick."

This belfry tower or steeple is a massive square seventy feet in height, and above it the octagonal spire rises fifty-eight feet, the whole being considered the finest example of its kind in Scotland. The ground floor is finely vaulted, and the windows in the belfry are of earlier period than those of the spire which evidently belongs to what is known as the third Pointed period. Although the present building forms a comfortable parish church, it is by far the plainest and least attractive of Scottish Cathedrals. The sum of £12,000 for a fine restoration has been contributed in accordance with the general desire, manifest throughout the land, for the revival of the ancient landmarks as well as for a higher development of ecclesiastical architecture. There is nothing sacred in baldness or ugliness, the love of beauty is of the highest, and for God's worship everything should be done reverently and in order.

The Church, as it now stands, lost its cruciform shape in 1806 by the removal of the transepts. The Nave, about 84 by 58 feet, and a small portion (30 feet) of the first choir—

originally 84 feet in length—remain, and the west window and doorway belong to the thirteenth century. Mr. Black, a native of the city, and of considerable repute as an authority, describes the building before the so-called restoration of 1806. "It was a handsome Gothic building, consisting of a nave with two aisles, with north and south transepts formed by an extension of these aisles, but without any appearance of pillars or arches in these transepts. In 1806, new and wider aisles were added to the nave, and the walls raised to such a height that one roof covered the whole, thus totally eclipsing the beautiful windows in the nave, and covering up the handsome carved cornice of the nail-head quatrefoil description, which ran under the eaves of the nave. The eight piers of the nave present peculiarities; those on the south side being octagonal and thinner than those on the north side, which are also alternately clustered and octagonal."

The choir has now only three lancet windows on the north side, and one respond on the south side; but, from the beautiful cornice and mouldings, architects consider that it must have been originally a very pure and beautiful example of the first Pointed style.

The interior is still plain, even to baldness, but a fine organ has been introduced. The galleries, still in existence, and the pews, of the old-fashioned narrow and high-backed style, are to be removed. Originally, there were no seats except for the clergy, but the worshippers were permitted to carry their stools to church. This custom was not local only, but general, as we can recall the scene at St. Giles when Jennie Geddes hurled her stool at the offending Dean's head. It was Bishop Lindsay of Brechin who mounted the pulpit to quell that disturbance. Between 1658–85 there are various records of the Bishop and Town-Session permitting individuals to erect pews. The trades of the city, incorporated in 1600, had as early as 1608 erected "lofts" or galleries, to which they marched on special occasions, arrayed in the particular livery of their craft, equally full

of self-importance and of criticism for the preachers to whom they gave "a hearing." Such galleries were common enough in city churches, but Brechin alone of the Scottish Cathedrals has authentic records of such. On the front or "breast" of the galleries was depicted the special coat of arms of each guild, whilst beneath each escutcheon was inscribed a suitable text—we may even add, a very ingeniously chosen text—proving how many and varied may be the interpretations of Holy Writ.

The Town Magistrates.

The Decalogue, supported by Moses and Aaron, each bearing a rod pointed towards the Tables of the Law.

The Scholars.

"The law was our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ."

"Now learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly."

Glovers and Skinners.

"Present rams' skins dyed red and badgers' skins for an offering."

Farmers.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

Tailors.

"The hand of the diligent maketh rich."

"They sewed fig leaves together and made themselves aprons."

(We cannot but feel regret that their second text was not appropriately selected from the *Breeches* edition of the Bible.)

Wrights.

"The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree."

Weavers.

"My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle."

Bakers.

"Present a cake of your first dough an offering to the Lord."

"Man shall not live by bread alone."

Smiths.

"The smith drinketh no water and is faint."

Butchers.

"Rise, slay and eat."

Shoemakers.

"And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace."

Believers.

One loft, not especially assigned, owing to its position behind the pulpit which thus prevented the face of the preacher from being seen, was known as the "Believers' Loft," because faith rather than sight was the portion of its occupants.

The Cathedral's story is incomplete without that of the Maison-Dieu, the only one of the chapels left with one stone upon another. This is the chapel of the Blessed Virgin Mary, founded in 1256 by William de Brechin, for the repose of the souls of the good Kings William and Alexander II.; of the Earl's brother John, Earl of Chester and Huntingdon; of Henry, his father, and of Juliana, his mother;—an interesting item of history proving to us how closely English and Scottish Normans were united in interests as well as in lands. A small revenue, still derived from the land attached thereto, is given by the Crown to the Rector of the Grammar School, who gains thereby the privilege of signing after his name "Præceptor Domus Dei." The structure itself is highly limited, as but forty feet of south wall and a fragment of the east wall are now left. Three fine lancet windows and an arched doorway

in the south wall prove its period, but alas! the desecration is complete. Its interior was covered with newly washed clothes when the writer visited it (and yet the native proverb says, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness"), and through its finely moulded windows the wind made melancholy melody as if in requiem. Its name, thoroughly Scotticised in pronunciation, is one more addition to the list of French words incorporated into Scottish dialect.

The Bishops of Brechin were men of note and occupied a leading position in the management of national as well as of local affairs, and from the story of their lives we glean many facts of national interest. Patrick de Leuchars was Lord Chancellor in 1372; and John de Carnoth, also a Lord Chancellor, accompanied the Princess Margaret to France in 1435. (A sad-hearted story of this homesick little princess who became the child-wife of the noted Louis XI. is admirably told for us by Jusserand in his book, *The Romance of a King's Life.*) Under date 1463, we find that James III. issued a precept stating "that through the profligacy of the Bishops and Canons, the revenue of the Cathedral had been greatly reduced by frequent alienations of its property, and, in consequence, steps were taken and some of the lands were restored, or an annual feu duty paid for them." (This old French word *feu* is still in daily use in Scotland.) Lollardism had already entered Scotland, and in this northern See there were men bold enough to accuse the Church dignitaries of "profligacy."

When James V. died in 1542, one of the first acts of the new Parliament, called in name of the infant Mary Stuart, was to ordain that: "It should be lawful to all our sovereign lady's lieges to have the Holy Writ, viz., the New Testament and the Old, in the vulgar tongue; and that they should incur no crime for the having and reading of the same." The then Bishop of Brechin was the most vehement opponent to the passing of this law. Later on, we find Bishop Sinclair, President also of the Session, officiating at the marriage of Queen Mary and Darnley.

Still another, Bishop Lamb, has left his memory embalmed in the minds of all the children of Angus and Mearns; and every sentimental Tommie, whether of nearby Thrums or elsewhere, in time has duly been initiated into the mystery, and has then in turn propounded the local riddle, still fresh and ever new, though in reality nearly three centuries old—

> "The Minister, the Dominie, and Maister Andrew Lamb,
> Gaed inta the gairden whar' three pears hang
> Tho' ilka ane took ane, still twa hang?"
> (He held the three offices in person.)

After the Reformation, Episcopacy prevailed, as the Royalist party were both strong and influential here. Bishop Drummond preached his last sermon in the Cathedral in 1689 when the brothers Skinner succeeded as ministers. Then in 1709 Mr. Skinner was deposed. In 1715, the year of the so-called Pretenders' Rebellion, Mr. Wilkinson was "sorely persecuted" and retired in favour of Mr. Guthrie, an advocate for the Stuarts. National politics had become predominant with Church parties, and when Mr. Wilkinson left "inhospitable Brechin" for Dundee, no man would lend or offer horse or cart even to drive his goods and chattels out of town. But those of us who at our mother's knee learned the *Mother's Catechism* have already added our tribute of esteem for the unappreciated Wilkinson. The late Rev. Dr. McCosh of Princeton University, a native of Brechin, no doubt knew it well, and so too the great Dr. Guthrie of Ragged School fame, whose dearest home associations were centred here. (The Bishop of Brechin still ranks as Primate in the Scottish Episcopal Church.)

Brechin is well worthy of a visit. This "ancient city," the only cathedral seat of Forfarshire or ancient Angus, is in the very centre of a district full of interest to antiquarian, historian, and ecclesiologist. It was part of Pictland, and Pagan and early Christian monuments alike abound.

There are ancient churches and castles, standing and in ruins, carved stones also—veritable treasure-trove for those who love such silent tales of a dim and hoary past. Druids, Picts, Celts, Romans, and Culdee Christians were here before Roman Catholicism, Episcopacy, or Presbyterianism were in existence as terms; and Brechin was recorded "a great city" whilst Scotland was yet, not one, but many small kingdoms. In the story of the Round Tower, inseparable from that of the Cathedral, we shall learn anew of the records of the past.

THE ROUND TOWER OF BRECHIN.

> "Old landmarks change—a shadow still is cast
> From this old tower, touched with the light of years,
> Whose fadeless glory all the past endears."

Though Ireland possesses seventy-six round towers, Scotland has only two on the mainland—Abernethy and Brechin, and that of Egilsay, one of the Orkney Islands. The tower of Brechin, however, was not built till long after that of Abernethy, which diocese had been divided between Dunblane and Brechin. There seems little doubt that these towers formed part of an ecclesiastical system and also that they were copies of earlier Irish towers.

The Irish towers have been classified into four orders, and the style, of which Brechin Tower is an example, was not in existence before the first half of the tenth century. Dr. Petrie, who is still regarded as our most authentic and unbiased authority, arrives at the following conclusions :—"The towers in Ireland and Scotland were of Christian and ecclesiastical origin, erected at various periods between the fifth and thirteenth centuries. They were designed to answer at least a twofold purpose—to serve as belfries, and as keeps or places of strength, in which the sacred utensils, books, relics, and other valuables were deposited, and into which ecclesiastics could retire for security in cases of

sudden predatory attack. They were probably also used when occasion required as beacons or watch-towers."

This tower, built of hard reddish gray sandstone, is 86 feet 9 inches in height from ground to cornice (the coping having been added about one hundred and fifty years later, at date of the cathedral's foundation); thence to the vane is 18 feet, or with odd inches, nearly 106 feet in all. There are sixty regular courses of masonry, the external circumference at base is 47 feet, and the thickness of the wall is 3 feet 8 inches. On the west side is a doorway 8 feet 6 inches in height, and 6 feet from the ground. This doorway is particularly interesting because of its sculptured figures and emblems. The aperture is formed by four stones only, one for the sill, one upstanding jamb on either side inclined towards the other instead of perpendicular, and the semi-circular arch at the top cut out of two thicknesses of stone. The ornamentation is peculiarly interesting. The whole doorway is defined by a double row of pellets running round between two narrow fillets on the outer and inner sides of the stones; as may also be seen on a few of the Irish towers and on a stone at Iona.

Over the centre of the arch is a rude representation of the Crucifixion corresponding to that on the tower at Donoughmore. In the centre of either jamb are raised panels on which are carved in relief the figures of men robed as ecclesiastics. One bears a book on his breast and carries the cross *tau* or cross-headed staff, very rarely to be seen in monuments extant either in this country or in the East. The other bears the usual curved staff or crook so familiar to modern eyes, but none the less the form of pastoral staff peculiar to the Celtic Church. Below these, outside the sill of the doorway, are two crouched and curious creatures of the usual nondescript character seen in early carvings. One appears to resemble a winged griffin, of which, and its kind, we may quote from Anderson's *Scotland in Early Christian Times*: "Remains of that school of early art that arose and flourished among

the Celtic Scots, when art in Europe was well nigh dead. Among these remains we shall meet with a series of monumental sculptures of a class which exists in no other country in the world, and exhibiting a system of mysterious symbolism which is found in no land but our own." Parallel with and on either side of the Crucifixion, but also outside the archway, are blank panels evidently intended for sculptures which were never executed.

The Tower is perfectly circular, tapering gradually to the top, the stones being large and cut to the circle. There is no stair, but access to the roof top may be gained by those bold enough to climb a series of ladders, placed on floors resting on corbels or abutments. It is divided into seven unequal stories with "string courses" to sustain the floors; and between the third and fourth sections, on the east and south sides respectively, are two flat-headed windows, the side jambs inclining towards each other at the upper end as do those of the doorway. Higher up, below the coping, are four windows, facing the cardinal points, and regularly built, thus showing two distinct styles, the one much more primitive than the other. Dr. Petrie places its date between 977 and 994 A.D.

The pious Kenneth may have watched its building, and when Brechin was sacked by the Danes in 1012, it probably formed a harbour of safety for Culdee refugees as well as for their precious things. Or, as other authorities claim, it may not have been built till after that dire event, when the absolute necessity for some such protection had been sternly impressed by Danish object lesson.

A living memorial, it will stand to our children's children of many generations, to teach them as it has taught us, of the grimness as well as of the grace of earlier men and manners.

OLD ABERDEEN

St. Machar.
6th Century.

Re-founded
1136 A.D.

"I pray you let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this City."

THE Cathedral of St. Machar, in Old Aberdeen, stands apart from its Scottish sisters and is also in several respects unique in European Christendom as to the character of its decoration. When we travel North thereto from Brechin we leave the famed old red sandstone of Forfarshire behind, and as we gradually approach the City of Aberdeen note the dark basaltic cliffs of the terrible Kincardineshire coast preparing us for the granites of Aberdeenshire.

"Granite City" is the familiar name of this fair, clean town, ideally situated between the rivers Dee and Don which tell their own story in the old couplet—

"Except it be for fish and tree,
Ae rood o' Don's worth twa o' Dee."

The only city, too, in the whole country that ever and always looks clean, if also cold. It seems as if busy commerce with its coal and grimy smoke passed it by unheeded and untouched. Far otherwise, it is the material of its buildings that spurns the soot and smuts, so full, too, of quartz and mica that after a shower of rain every lintel and pillar sparkles in the sun as if inset with

By permission of] [Messrs. Valentine, Dundee.

St. Machar's Cathedral.

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diamonds. Freestone, sandstone, or brick houses are so rarely seen as to make one feel such materials non-existent. Even the streets are paved with roughened blocks of granite —hard, unyielding, penitential even in their first effect upon unaccustomed and weary feet. And there be reasons many and varied offered one in proof that "granite-headed Aberdonians" is an equally good sobriquet.

Before crossing to the Old Town (Auldton) to St. Machar's Shrine, let us learn something of the *locale* of this ancient Church and Diocese. For Aberdeen as a University and Cathedral seat, fourth of Scottish towns in the annals of commerce and population, may not be lightly dismissed. It possesses stronger claims to distinction than these; it can claim unique records. Edinburgh, as capital, has become first in historical prominence, but Aberdeen is second and actually antedates Edinburgh as a Scottish city. When Edinburgh was in Lothian, most Saxon of Scotland's provinces, and Glasgow was in Strathclyde, outside of Scotia, Aberdeen was Royal City of Pictland—that Alban which became Scotia. It was also the central point of ancient Caledonia.

When Perth and Dunfermline were royal residences of the Celtic kings before the Stewart dynasty, we read that "the King kept Yule in Aberdeen," just as contemporary Normans loved to keep the Christmas feast in Gloucester; and just as Gloucester ever since has enjoyed special rights and privileges, so does Aberdeen bear the royal tressure on its city arms and the French motto "Bon Accord." Its county, rich, beautiful, and exceedingly fertile, is equally interesting to the historian, antiquarian, and ecclesiologist, for its ancient stone dwellings and carved stones tell, as do its many fine castles in ruins and now standing, of the importance of its men in early and later national life.

From the Celtic Monastery at Deer, founded by Drostan, nephew of St. Columba, do we still inherit the *Book of Deir*, the oldest existing literary document, "standing at the head of the National Manuscripts of Scotland," but now an

honoured treasure in the University Library of Cambridge, and not, as one could wish it, within the walls of King's College. At Lumphanan, Macbeth was ultimately overthrown and killed, though Shakespere notes it not; at Inverurie, the patriot Bruce gained the first victory leading up to Bannockburn; a century later, came that terrible struggle between Highlanders and Lowlanders which broke up for ever the power of "The Lord of the Isles," a title so poetic in fancy, so fierce in reality. What with the "Red Harlaw" and the many glowing deeds of the Gordons, second only to the Douglas family in fame, our Scottish balladists found Aberdeenshire a field of rich lore, and mid "the wild flowers of literature" there are few more pathetic than the story of *Edom o' Gordon* or the love tale of *Miller o' Tiftie's Annie*. Fit birthplace, then, for Barbour, "our Scottish Homer," who according to Earle, the well-known authority on Anglo-Saxon philology, "in his poem of *The Bruce* determined the character of modern Scottish and cast it in a permanent mould, just as his contemporary Chaucer did for our English people." There are other incidents and names—notably Boece's, of whom more anon—but the one of which Aberdonians of city and country alike are extremely proud is that our and their beloved Queen Victoria, descendant of Pictish, Celtic, Bruce, and Stewart Kings, voluntarily chose for her home Balmoral on the banks of the Dee, and there, midst its silvery birches, twice a year she came and went from historic, ceremonious Windsor, and going in and out among her people, worshipped with them in the parish church, rejoiced and wept with them as a queenly woman and a womanly Queen. If patriotism and loyalty be a marked characteristic of the Scots as a people, one may claim that Aberdeen is the central pivot of its movement.

In the city itself, the market cross, with rich carvings, coats of arms, &c, is now by far the finest of its kind in Scotland, a true relic of those bygone days, when round the *Mercat Croce* gathered eager crowds for news of war, or

to listen to royal proclamation, or maybe to jeer at some poor unfortunate, chained to the *jougs*. The city records are the oldest and fullest extant in Scotland.

To Princes Street, Edinburgh, one yields the palm as finest of British streets. In the long line of Union Street, Aberdeen, we have the finest example of Doric style; its stateliness of line and massiveness of buildings give an imposing and impressive effect. A handsome street of columns, perennially clean, severely classic, as if the vulgarity of trade and the strife of the market-place never existed within its precincts.

When we reach Old Aberdeen, we find St. Machar's granite building equally severe and stately in its massive proportions; but the effect of coldness from gray granite gives place here to a rich reddish-yellow warmth, as the red granite—locally known as Peterhead stone—is used. But granite, whether gray or red, forbids exuberance of carved line or flower-bedecked capital and pillar, as we see it in the Gothic beauty of Glasgow or Rosslyn.

It is small, too, as are all our Scottish cathedrals in comparison with those of England, for it was only 200 feet long, and therefore the same size as St. Asaph's. Its choir was never finished, and only 10 feet of the foundations of its transepts are now visible, although Orme, in his history of the See, written a century ago, speaks of seeing the south transept, which was built by Gavin Dunbar in 1522, partially destroyed. For the tourist nowadays, the nave is all, and it forms the parish church. But such a nave! Such a ceiling! Here and nowhere else in all Europe have we "the pomp of heraldry" as a real living page out of the book of Time set before us, and for this ceiling alone has Aberdeen been visited by archæologists and churchmen from many countries. Its story will form a chapter of its own. But though this Cathedral be shorn of what makes the cruciform development of Gothic architecture so suggestive and familiar to us, we shall

none the less find many interesting points in the detail of the building.

First, however, a brief allusion to the reputed founder of its earlier Celtic Church, who still lives for us in its name.

St. Mochonna, Mauritius, or Machar, an Irishman of noble birth, followed Columba to Iona, where by his piety and learning he rapidly gained esteem, was consecrated a Bishop, and with twelve followers was sent by Columba to preach the gospel to the Northern Picts. These early pioneers of our civilisation and culture literally followed out the injunction of the great Master—take neither two coats nor staff, nor scrip. But tradition tells of one prophetic injunction given to St. Machar, "To build a church upon the bank of a river where he should find by its windings it formed the figure of a Bishop's Crozier," and this tradition is duly recorded in the Breviary of Aberdeen. In reality we know nothing authentic of the life or death of St. Machar, though tradition also tells that he was buried in the church of St. Martin of Tours; a plausible supposition, since we all know how strongly St. Martin has impressed Scottish nomenclature and custom. Granting, however, that St. Machar chose this spot on the banks of the winding Don for his church of wattles and clay, its foundation must have been as early at least as 597 A.D., the date of Columba's death.

From the invaluable *Book of Deir*, we learn that Nechtan, Bishop of Aberdeen, 1123–54, witnessed a charter in which Cormac, Bishop of Dunkeld, is mentioned; and Fordun, the Chronicler, states that the See of Mortlach was transferred to Aberdeen. Some maintain that this See of Mortlach was founded by Malcolm Caenmore as a thank-offering for the overthrow of Macbeth and consequent restoration of his father's (Duncan's) kingdom. Historically, however, we consider Aberdeen as endowed in the thirteenth year of David I., taking rank as fourth in the precedence of Scottish Sees and also on the Parliamentary Rolls of the country.

This Nechtan was translated in 1136, and was the "last bishop of Mortlack and the first of Aberdeen."

From the records edited for the Spalding Club we learn "The third Bishop, Matthew Kinninmond, began to build a Cathedral between 1183 and 1189 to supersede the primitive church then existing, which new church, because it was not glorious enough, Bishop Cheyne threw down." Before this prelate's plans, begun in 1282, were nearly completed, Edward I., "The Hammer of Scotland," had appeared on the scene. Cheyne's work remained unfinished, and Robert Bruce, good churchman, after his accession to the throne, ordered the church to be built from the Bishop's revenues (for Cheyne was of the Comyn family and therefore absented himself for a time).

This church was also short-lived, for on the appointment of Alexander Kinninmond as Bishop in 1355, he, emulous of his namesake and predecessor's example, began a new and large building in 1370. The walls of the nave rose a few feet and there remained. Only in the days of Bishop Henry Leighton, 1422–40, was the nave completed, the northern transept and the western towers erected. His successor, Bishop Lindsay, paved and roofed the Cathedral, and the glass for the windows was added by powerful Bishop Spens, Keeper of the Privy Seal, full forty years after Leighton's nominal completion. Think of forty years' experience of unglazed windows! How one wishes that Boece, whose chronicles are so delightfully gossipy at times, had told us something of those open-air windows. (As a Canon of the Cathedral then, he must have had many opportunities for testing the endurance and faith of worshippers on stormy Sundays, when the wind off the sea whistled and soughed through the exposed building. Nowadays an Aberdonian would not willingly sit with open door when a storm off Donmouth proves the fury of its blast.) All we have left of this third church are two piers of red sandstone. For this third effort, the Dean and Chapter (John Barbour being an Archdeacon) taxed themselves sixty pounds annually for ten

years ; the Bishop surrendered several important revenues ; and Pope Gregory XI. granted indulgences to all who would help in the good work ; and yet the laity seem to have remained very indifferent.

Then comes the pathetic story of pious Bishop Elphinstone, "who came too late for canonising." He finished the central tower and wooden spire, about 150 feet in height (begun in Leighton's days), a famed mark at sea, provided fourteen bells for this four-story tower and covered the roof with lead. The son "of a burgess," this good man rose to greatest eminence. To be a Chancellor and Keeper of the Privy Seal, Envoy to Louis XI. and the Emperor Maximilian were record enough ; but Aberdeen knows him better as the founder of King's College in 1498, and hundreds of poor Scots boys have risen to eminence in every succeeding century and called him blessed for his gift. In its chapel, the carved screen and woodwork are the finest in Scotland. Boece praises the fine Latin taught in the Grammar School, and the good Bishop advanced the scholars' work. The Crown Charter erecting Old Aberdeen into a City and University and Burgh of Barony was obtained through his efforts. He also built the bridge of seven arches over the Dee and left a sum of ten thousand pounds for the same. Scotland owed her first printing press to his energy. It was said of the Norman Henry I. that "he never smiled again" after the sinking of the White Ship and death of his only son ; so, too, of Bishop Elphinstone, who was never seen to smile after the disaster at Flodden. Of him it has been beautifully said : "One of those prelates, who in their munificent acts and their laborious and saintly lives showed to the Scottish Church in her corruption and decay the glorious image of her youth," and the writer, Cosmo Innes, is a most impartial historian.

Passing over the story of Gavin Dunbar, which fittingly belongs to that of the magnificent ceiling, we find that the choir, begun by Elphinstone, was never finished. The

south porch was known as the marriage door; and the western doorway, opened only on Palm Sunday, on the coming of the Bishop, or for great occasions, was called the procession door. Water for the cleansing of the sacred vessels was carried through the north door, rather interesting points for reflection as to ecclesiastic ceremony.

Before entering into the story of its destruction, it seems wise just to recall several names of Church dignitaries who were truly good men and earnest Christians. In the thirteenth century we have Bishop Ralph, who walked barefoot throughout his diocese preaching the gospel eloquently, and who died in 1247 with his lips murmuring "I was glad when they said unto me, I will go into the house of the Lord." William de Deyn, too, who succeeded the second Bishop Kinninmond, completed his buildings, endowed the vicarage "and reformed his clergy who run wild during the long civil war." Good Adam of Tyninghame angered a prince of the blood, a base-born son of Robert II. (the first Stewart King), and this young man vowed that he would murder the prelate. But the good Bishop disarmed his enemy by baring his head, saying calmly: "If this be what you seek, take it, life and all; see, I have brought it to thee." Truly, it was the soft answer that turned away wrath. Bishop Adam was one of the good pilgrims to the Holy Sepulchre.

Then literature blesses Aberdeen for Barbour and Boece, who were members of its Chapter, and here was written the immortal line—

"O Freedom is a noble thing,"

a line which has well served the orators and patriots of the world. Boece, excellent Latin scholar and friend of Erasmus, was the first Principal of King's College, and his *Lives of the Bishops of the Diocese* and *History of the Scots* were distinctly fine efforts in prose literature. There were saintly men, earnest workers for the progress of mankind, good scholars, and zealous teachers, in the Latin Church, and educated Scots should never forget this.

In 1534, during the English invasion which devastated so many abbeys, Bishop Stewart, who built the Chapter House, was robbed of the sacred vessels of the altar, and by 1559, the troublous times had come to stay. Indeed, after many attempts and seemingly great struggle for existence, this church of St. Machar came to its full heritage of dignity and beauty "only twenty years" ahead of the Reformation, when its newly filled cup was dashed to the ground. The spire, like human life, fulfilled the allotted span of three score and ten years; the lead was stripped from the roof to make bullets; the bells and other furnishings were shipped to Holland, "but that wicked ship" sank with all on board within sight of land. Eight years later the Privy Council ordered the remainder of the lead "to be publicly sold for the support of the army." Cromwell's soldiers built a fort from the stones of the choir in 1652, and so weakened the supports of the great tower, that in 1688 it fell and ruined the transepts. So now we see only the nave of five bays with pointed arches, rounded pillars, and with single clerestory windows. There is no triforium. A fine massive west front, ". . . entirely built with granite except the spires, one of the most impressive and imposing structures in Scotland. It is extremely plain, not a single scrap of carving visible anywhere—a veritable piece of Doric work depending for its effects on its just proportion and the mass of its granite masonry. Above this doorway is one of the most striking features of the composition—the seven lofty narrow windows, about 26 feet in height and each crowned with a round and cusped arch." The two towers, although 113 feet in height, look stunted owing to their spiked octagonal shape.

As we stand outside, we realise how beautiful, how quiet, and how quaint is our environment. St. Andrews may be the "Oxford of Scotland," but not there can we now feel the mediæval air and tone that here seem to enwrap us. Again, in no other Scottish city do we hear in daily use so many familiar words and names to recall for us Franco-

Scottish sympathies in earlier days, as well as our "Scoto-Franco" form of culture.

Here there is no Cathedral Close as in England, but the student in his bright red gown of frieze with velvet collar crosses the Chanonry (Fr. "Chanoine" and not "Canon") towards King's College, whose fine stone crown bears out its name in form of architecture confined to Scotland with one exception at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Here and there we have a peep of the winding river Don, and near by, as it narrows into a deep dark channel, it is crossed by the Auld Brig o' Balgownie, so famed in the prophecy of Thomas the Rhymer:—

"Brig o' Balgownie, black's yer wa'
Wi' a wife's ae son and a mare's ae foal,
Down ye'll fa'."

A prophecy set to defiance, *spoiled* as the country-folks say, by the reckless Lord Byron, one of the many "mad Gordons" Aberdeen has known so well. Many footsteps, sacred and profane, have crossed the old bridge to and from the Cathedral. From the river banks we may recall Ramsay's enthusiastic impression: "Viewed as it now stands, although sadly shorn of its original glory, the Cathedral is a highly picturesque and interesting object. The aspect of its western end with its noble window of seven lights, flanked by lofty towers capped by those quaint old steeples, is singularly beautiful and striking—more especially when glowing in the mellowed ray of the western sun, and partly shaded by the venerable trees, which so beautify and solemnise the scene, redeeming the dreariness of the graveyard, and, by their obedience to the law of the seasons, instructive by symbolising the change from mortal to immortal life. None but the veriest clod of the valley can be uninfluenced by the spell which binds one in the rapt contemplation of so fair a scene, of which the fascination is crowned by the swelling music of the Don." We cannot leave its precincts without recalling that here, indeed, is one of—

"The shrines where art and genius high
Have laboured for eternity."

HERALDIC CEILING OF ST. MACHAR'S

"What booteth it to have been rich alive?
What to be great? What to be gracious?
When after death no token doth survive
Of former beeing in this mortall houss,
But sleepes in dust dead and inglorious,
Like beast, whose breath but in his nostrils is
And hath no hope of happiness or blis.
How manie great ones may remembered be
Which in their daies most famouslie did flourish
Of whom no worde we heare nor signe now see,
But as things wipt out with a sponge do perishe
Because they living cared not to cherishe
No gentle wits, through pride or covestise,
Which might their names forever memorise."

SPENSER'S *Ruins of Time.*

The Latin Church can claim in Bishops Elphinstone and Gavin Dunbar two of the best and wisest of men; and Protestants and Protestantism have benefited to the full from their legacies and life-work.

Had Dunbar not suffered from propinquity to Elphinstone, we would to-day grant him highest honours, for he fulfilled to the letter his own avowal "that the prelates of the Church were not the Masters of the patrimony of the Cross, but its guardians and administrators." Hence his endowment of a Hospital for the shelter and support of twelve poor folk, and his persistent demands that the moneys bequeathed for charitable purposes should be so spent. He had compiled the magnificent copy of the Epistles, now preserved in the University, and written at Antwerp at his own expense; "he did perfite the two lesser steeples, *ceiled the church* and built the South aisle in 1522." This church ceiling will keep his memory ever green; it was his glory, it is his monument, and Spenser's lines find emphasis in his exemplary life.

With granite as a material, the difficulties of constructing an overarched roof of stone were insurmountable, and yet such an open timber roof as is that in King's College Chapel

By permission of] [Messrs. Valentine, Dundee.

The Nave.

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was not deemed expansive or effective enough. The roof, treated in conception as "the sky," had become popular, so Gavin Dunbar introduced the flat oak panelled ceiling, and, to relieve its heaviness, emblazoned thereon "forty-eight shields, glittering with the heraldries of the Pope, the Emperor, St. Margaret, the Kings and Princes of Christendom, the Bishops and Earls of Scotland"; in Hamlet's words—

> "This brave o'erhanging firmament,
> This majestical roof, fretted with golden stars."

A national monument, too, of which every Scot is and may well be proud, for it represents Scotland as an independent nation taking her heraldic place by right, not by sufferance. Here the lion, rampant in his own domain, is placed under the arched or imperial crown, in line with the arms of Pope and Emperor, "the two great lights," as, saith the chronicler Wyntoun, recalling Dunbar's lines in "The Thistle and the Rose":—

> "Reid of his cullour as is the ruby glance.
> On field of gold he stude full mychtely,
> With 'flour delycis' sirculit (encircled) lustely."

In three lines of sixteen are the shields arranged, that of Pope Leo X. in the centre at the east end, followed by the various Church dignitaries, ably supported on the right by the Emperor, as leader of the various foreign kings and princes; while on the left is James V., as leader of Scottish princes and nobles. Although Mrs. Oliphant has made us familiar with the Medici family in her *Makers of Florence*, it is hard to realise that in Aberdeen, and nowhere else in Britain, may we see the Medici arms of Leo. X. emblazoned on the ceiling of a Presbyterian church—a church, too, which by the irony of fate was only completed for the Reformers; as Milton expresses it so finely in—

> "Celestial armoring, shields, helms and spears
> Hung high, with diamond flaming and with gold."

It is also most interesting that Leo's arms depict the special privileges granted by Louis XI. of France, in 1465, to Piero de Medici, grandfather of Leo X. The golden shield, surmounted by the triple crown on red cushion, is crossed by a gold and silver key. The five red balls flank a blue one in chief, charged with the three golden lilies of France, "in recognisance of the league and fidelity wherein he promised to stand bound to serve the King at his own charges." But on his pontifical seal, the Medici arms are given without the French lilies. As it was from Leo X. that Gavin Dunbar received his promotion to the See of Aberdeen, we can readily account for the central prominence of the Papal arms.

Immediately following it is the shield of Archbishop Andrew Forman, of St. Andrews, of whom Pitscottie records an absurd anecdote which, better than history, illustrates the scholarship of the time. Having to entertain at dinner the Pope and Cardinals, on saying grace, the Bishop, "who was not ane guid schollar, nor had not guid Latine," was perplexed and put out by the responses of the Italians. Losing patience, as well as presence of mind, "he wist not weill how to proceed fordward, bot happened in guid Scottis, in this manner, sayand quhilk they understuid not: 'The divil I give yow, all false cardinallis, to in nomine Patris, Filii et Spiritus Sancti.' Amen, quoth they. Then the Bishop and his men leugh (laughed) and all the cardinallis themselffis."

Beaton, Archbishop of Glasgow, and afterwards of St. Andrews, comes third. We honour him as the founder of St. Mary's College at St. Andrews, and we recall that he officiated at the marriage of James V. with Mary of Lorraine. He was also the uncle of the brilliant Cardinal Beaton. Alas! the facetious Pitscottie had no reverence for dignitaries. He tells that in wordy war with Gawain Douglas, Beaton's corselet shook, and Gavin said, "My Lord, your conscience is not guid, for I hear it clattering."

Sir David Lindsay, too, sharpened his pen over this worthy churchman in—

> "The Archbishop of Sanct Androus, James Betoun,
> Chancellare and Primate in power pastorall,
> Clam, nyxt the kyng, moste heych in this regioun,
> The ledder schuke, he lap, and gat ane fall."

Dunkeld ranks next in order, and Douglas, "ane richt, nobill and worshipful clerk," represents it with the ever popular and familiar red heart on a white field.

The arms of Aberdeen, Moray, Ross, Brechin, Caithness (showing the *fesse cheque* of the Royal Stewarts), Galloway, Dunblane, Lismore or Arygle, Orkney, The Isles, The Prior of St. Andrews, follow in order; and bringing up the rear is that of the University and King's College—"a shield azure, an open book proper within an orle argent"—seemingly suggested by those of the University of Paris. An interesting array, as to-day we have only eight cathedral churches in existence.

The trio at the west end corresponds in style to that of the east end; for the Pope's line of spiritual power fittingly terminates in the University, representing intellectual power, and it again is flanked by Aberdeen and Old Aberdeen, corporate bodies endowed with temporal power. The Church shields are slightly in advance of the royal and noble shields; all alike are carved in low relief, and on an escrol or ribbon of lighter tone than the ceiling is the official title in Latin, in black lettering with initial letter in red.

The Royal Line is led by the Emperor Charles V. as the leading secular power in Christendom, "the greatest monarch of the memorable sixteenth century, and the most famous of the successors of Charlemagne." He presides with double-headed eagle, sable armed gules on a gold shield, above which is the Imperial crown. The German Emperors assumed the eagle as a device because of their claims to be successors to the Romans, and also because the eagle was Pagan as well as Christian. In *The Talisman* we may

recall Sir Walter's interesting chapter on the struggle for precedence between the eagle and the lion. The eagle was, as Dante says—

"The ensign of the world."

And Ariosto expresses history as well as beauty in his lines—

"The bird that once in air could Jove sustain."

Ranking second to the Emperor, and, we may safely presume, yielding precedence to him with very bad grace, is the unfortunate yet chivalrous Francis I. of France, who, as "King of the Franks," also claimed descent from Charlemagne, and who "lost all but honour" at Pavia. On his azure shield are the three golden lilies, reduced to that number by Charles VI., and called by Ariosto "i Gigli d' oro." Planché tells us that Louis VII. was the first to use them on a seal, and Voltaire ironically called them spear-heads, although "testimony in favour of the iris is so strong as almost to set this question at rest." Shakespeare and Spenser call them Flower-de-Luces. Among the recently published National MSS. of Scotland an autograph letter of Francis to James V. is expressive of warmest friendship, for Francis, however mistrustful of Henry VIII., could always rely on his Scottish ally.

The Emperor again appears as King of Spain, or rather of Leon and Castile, and the shield shows the red lions on white fields and castles argent with the crown surmounting all. Ford tells us in his history that "Charles was a Fleming by birth, an Austrian at heart, and wasted on German politics the blood and gold of Spain, in which country he was called foreigner."

Although Margaret Tudor, daughter of Henry VII., was Queen-mother when this ceiling was decorated (about 1521), Flodden disaster was still far too fresh in Scottish hearts to grant Henry VIII. ought but barest, baldest courtesies. So he follows the King of France. In his newly acquired title of "Defender of the Faith," granted him by Leo X. shortly

before the Pope's death in 1521, we most truly realise the mutability of all things human, and also that in Henry's case Papal decrees were decidedly fallible. Here are their coats of arms, within a few feet of each other—the defier and the defied—the one quite as arrogant as the other, so far as liberty of conscience in religion was concerned. How little could Leo dream that in honouring Henry he was honouring

"The Majestic lord
That broke the bonds of Rome,"

for Henry VIII. is the first King to take the title of "Majesty," his predecessors being "Sovereign Lord" or "Highness," and even 'His Grace." How true, too, that "A straw shows how the wind blows," for Franco-Scottish sympathy was too strong to grant Henry the fleur-de-lis on his shield, first quartered on the English arms by Edward III., and retained thereon down to the union of Ireland with Great Britain in 1801. So the three leopards or lions passant—for the lions' attitude here is that of the leopard, argent on a red shield with crown—represent Henry. In early heraldry the attitude rampant belongs always to the lions, passant to the leopards; and until the fifteenth century, both in France and England, lions passant were often called leopards. More interesting still is the fact, not generally known, that the leopards were personal to the Plantagenet kings, who inherited them as Dukes of Normandy and Guienne. So, by England's adoption of the same, she ranks herself as an appanage to Normandy, and therefore, the lilies, from Edward III. to George III., should have taken precedence of the leopards. The first appearance of the three is on a shield of Richard Cœur de Lion, but an earlier shield shows only one, and some authorities claim it to be the Lion of Judah, acquired by him as a crusader. Be that as it may, the family arms of the Plantagenets have become national to the exclusion of Tudor, Stewart, and Guelph arms. Scotland is ahead of England in this respect, her one lion

rampant being national from the Celtic dynasty in the reign of William the Lion, and neither Bruce's nor the Stewarts' bearings effected any change whatever.

Christian II., "the hero of the North," follows Henry. Since James V. was grandson of Margaret, a Danish princess, we can easily appreciate his desire to honour Christian. This Margaret, Queen of James III., is believed by many to be the lady for whom Sir Patrick Spens sailed "to Norroway o'er the faim." If Christian's arms could be held as representative of his character they are singularly appropriate, for the lion, rampant and crowned, holds in his forepaws a most cruel-looking battle-axe, and there is also a curiously twisted effect about his tail that seems to inspire respect.

Now we come to a change in titles. Hitherto the kings have been of peoples. Louis II. of Hungary—not of the Hungarians—leads off the territories found in South-eastern Europe, whilst the peoples are in the North and West—a curiously fine distinction, and one not of apparently great importance to us.

The Magyars of Hungary are the only non-Aryans in the lists, and at Louis' death, in 1526, the Turks took and kept possession for 160 years. The red and argent barred shield represents the four rivers of Hungary that "thwart" the country, according to fable. Most interesting, as well as beautiful, are the shields of Emmanuel, King of Portugal, and John his son. In Manoel's reign, Vasco da Gama, the great navigator, made Portugal renowned, and it was John who substituted for Cape of Storms that happier title, Cape of Good Hope, so precious a jewel in the English crown to-day. Camoens, in epic verse, has celebrated for all time his three great countrymen; and so we look upon this shield in blue and white with heightened feelings of respect.

On a white field, enclosed in embattled bordure, is a cross of the Maltese shape, formed of five blue shields, pierced again cross-wise by five small circles, significant of the five

wounds of our Blessed Saviour, and adopted by Alphonso I., in 1139, after his defeat of five Moorish Kings.

Arragon follows Portugal, the Emperor making his bow for the third time, under the title of Carlos I., and its effective quartered shield shows the eagles twice with two quarters of red and white stripes, "or, argent and gules," in the language of heraldry. A legend tells that in 873, Geoffrey, Count of Barcelona, "returning all bloody from battle," the King of Spain dipped his fingers in the Count's blood and drew red lines upon his shield. Another version is that "Wilfred of the Hairy Feet" did so after his bloody contest with the Normans.

Cyprus, Navarre, and Sicily follow in line; but Poland—brave, dismembered Poland—deserves notice, for Sigismund I., who here represents it, had only one successor, and then came disastrous events which led up to complete dismemberment. After such a bewildering array of heraldic, but none the less "queer looking beasts"—rampant, passant, gules, embattled, or, argent, azure, bars, paly, &c., no sooner learned in one case than confused in the next—we welcome as a dear useful old friend, a horse, steady on his four feet, and harnessed with saddle, bridle, stirrups, and all the usual commonplace buckles and necessary straps thereof. A quiet, sober-looking beast, with his head and tail peaceful as ever were those of cob or cab-horse. There were originally an armed knight on the horse's back and an eagle over its head, with a patriarchal cross for Lithuania; but the white horse alone, on his red shield, is restful to the eye—and peace be with him.

Bohemia is represented by Louis I., whom we have already treated as Louis II., of Hungary.

Another compliment to France comes in the arms of Charles, Duke of Bourbon and Vendome, grandfather of Henry IV. Mary, his daughter, was then spoken of as a likely consort for the young King James V., and although the match was never made, we can appreciate the courtesy.

Still another courtesy to a ducal house. Mary, Queen

of James II., was daughter of the Duke of Gueldres, so his arms rank as fifteenth. Last of all is placed the shield of old Aberdeen—a golden pot of white lilies, one in bud, one full bloom and one half bloom, "stalked and leaved proper, argent." On the pot are seen three salmon, arranged as in a net. The town being under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, accounts for her arms—the lilies; and the fish represent the product of the river Don, although in this it was behind its sister stream, the Dee.

Heading the third line we see Regis Celsitudinis, or "Highness," the title taken by James V., with his scutcheon of "The Ruddy Lion ramped in gold"; and although lions as a family could never be ranked as meek in looks, surely the Scottish lion rampant, with prolonged clawlike feet, highly twisted and curled tail, grinning mouth, and tongue improperly if not impertinently displayed, excels in fierce aspect all lions rampant in other lands. Tradition tells that from the days of Fergus he comes—early in the sixth century—and if so, then he has certainly gathered to himself the ferocity of the ages. Alas! his ferocity availed nothing at Flodden, for since that fatal field the Howards of Norfolk, as descendants of Surrey, the English leader, have added to their arms "a demi-lion rampant pierced with an arrow." Or, as Surrey himself says—

> "That Lyon placed on our silver bend
> Which as a trophy beautifies our shield."

King James was still a minor when his shield was so placed on high, but already he gave promise of great scholarship. In Spanish archives are letters telling of his wonderful linguistic talents—Latin, French, German, Flemish, Italian, Spanish—and he was also the last king to speak and encourage the use of Gaelic, the language of "Albyn." In 1537, Paul III. bestowed on him the title of "Defender of the Faith," a chaplet fallen from Henry's head. Few kings have been so beloved by poets of European fame as was James V. Ariosto again and again refers

Queen Margaret's Coat of Arms.

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to him as Zerlino, and one line sufficiently expresses his terms of praise—

"For Nature made him and then broke the mould."

Ronsard was his page, and in after life sang of him as the

"Flower of his Eye,"

whilst Sir David Lindsay had no satire for his royal master—

"I, when thou wes young, I bure thee in my arms,
Full tenderly, till thou begowth to gaing;
And in thy bed oft happit thee full warme,
With lute in hand, syne sweetly to thee sang."

Following those of the King, one naturally expects to see the arms of the Queen-mother, for there was no Queen Consort till 1537; but Margaret Tudor was not popular in Scotland, notwithstanding Scott's pathetic picture of her in "Linlithgow Bower." She offended Gavin Dunbar by putting him in ward in 1524, so he would not favour her cause; and her husbands almost matched in number her brother Henry's wives. We seldom realise that by her marriage with Douglas, Earl of Angus, she became the mother of a daughter, who married Lennox, and their son was Darnley, her grandson, just as was the beautiful Queen Mary, his wife, her granddaughter, so that James VI. ascended the English throne by right of both father and mother.

Her place by right was given to another Margaret, better and fairer as are all agreed, the good queen of Malcolm Caenmore who overthrew Macbeth—Sanctissime Margarete, canonised in 1249 by Pope Innocent IV., and sharer with St. Andrew of the patronage of the kingdom. To this day there are few Scottish families without a Margaret. Her shield is the only one chosen from a sentimental point of view, for as she was grandniece of Edward the Confessor, his arms are given to her. On a rich blue shield is a

golden-flowered cross with five birds (doves); or, in heraldic language, "Azure a cross floretty, between five martlets or." No need to repeat here her story which belongs to that of Dunfermline Abbey.

The royal Duke of Albany follows with gorgeous quartered shield, showing "three-legged" arms of the Isle of Man; then Dunbar, Earl of March, with white lion rampant, surrounded by thirteen red roses (a very improbable situation); Randolph, Earl of Moray, comes next, with three-tasselled cushions within a royal tressure (not warlike in significance surely); and Douglas, Earl of Douglas, with that bloody heart and three white stars recalling—

> "The blodye harte in the Dowglas arms,
> Hys standerde stode on hye,
> That every man myght full well knowe,
> By side stode starres thre."

Then follows Angus (grandson of "Bell-the-Cat"), who married Queen Margaret Tudor, showing an effective white cinque foil on scarlet shield; next the beautiful blue shield of Mar, with six gold cross crosslets. Lord Crawford says of Mar, "It is the only survivor of the ancient, I may say prehistoric, marmaerships of Scotland, and can distinctly be traced to early Celtic and Pictish times."

Sutherland, showing three gold stars on red shield; and Crawford, with lions rampant in two quarters and *fess cheque* of the Royal Stewarts, produces a fine combination of red and blue and white. The Gordons of Huntly, with boars' heads, lions' heads, and crescents in three; and Campbell of Argyle, who, as Baron of Arran and Lorn, was obliged to provide a ship for the king in time of war, has a very effective shield in black and white, showing galleys and gyronnys (crosses).

Of great historic interest is the Errol shield; white, with three red shields thereon, recalling the story of *Luncarty*, when the father and two sons threshed the Danes with flails and were granted arms thus showing on the shield how they had saved the country.

Keith, Earl Marischal, whose fine old castle of Dunnottar was the scene of the Covenanters' imprisonment as described in *Old Mortality*, has arms like those of Aragon, only King Malcolm II., grandfather of King Duncan, dipped his fingers in the blood to mark the warrior's shield! Marischal College was founded by the family.

Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, grandfather of the notorious Bothwell, closes the nobles' line, and is followed by Aberdeen, with its three towers, argent, windows and ports, sable, within double tressure counter flowered argent.

The frieze around the nave is carved in Saxon black letter with initial letters in red of the names of the Bishops of Aberdeen and the Kings of Scotland in succession—another proof, if needed, of how very dear to Scottish hearts is history in every form. Robert the Bruce's reign is dated from 1296, and John Balliol is entirely ignored. He was "Toom tabard" (empty coat) in his lifetime, so why keep an empty record?

There are hundreds of tourists who annually visit Aberdeen *en route* for Balmoral and Braemar, and who pass by in ignorance of the existence of this cathedral and heraldic ceiling, with its story of glorious heraldry ere yet "villainous salt petre" had robbed warfare of the picturesque. Ere we leave its walls we shall be impressed anew with Shakespere's wonderful insight into men's hearts and feelings as expressed in Bolinbroke's indignant protest—

> "From my own windows torn my household coat,
> Razed out my impress, leaving me no sign
> To show the world I am a gentleman."

DUNBLANE

St. Blane.
7th Century.

Refounded
1150 A.D.

"He was no common man who designed the Cathedral of Dunblane. I know nothing so perfect in its simplicity, and so beautiful, so far as it reaches, in all the Gothic with which I am acquainted. And just in proportion to his power of mind, that man was content to work under nature's teaching, and, instead of putting merely formal dog-tooth, as everybody else did at that time, he went down to the woody banks of the sweet river, beneath the rocks of which he was building, and took up a few of the fallen leaves that lay by it, and he set them on his arch, side by side for ever."

SUCH was the testimony of John Ruskin in his lectures on Architecture and Painting, delivered in Edinburgh, and no one can gainsay Ruskin's position as an apostle of the beautiful or impugn his standard of the ideally artistic in architecture.

Of Dunblane Cathedral, too, we may quote truly, "Beautiful for situation," ranking it first in this respect over all Scottish cathedrals. Its wooded heights "on the banks of Allan Water," and the rocky bed of the tumbling river, form fit setting to a noble building. For Dunblane held unchallenged place as one of "the brave kirks o' braid Scotland" during the Middle Ages; and since the perfect restoration of its Nave, 1888–93, it again holds first rank. Men of many minds and manners—architects, artists, antiquarians, churchmen—have time and again throughout the centuries declared their deep interest in the form and age

Dunblane Cathedral.

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of its Tower, the beauty of its Nave and Choir, the fine lines of its bays, and the exquisite carvings of its stalls. Nor is its story, whether traditional or historical, of lesser interest.

It is the church on Blane's Hill, another living record of and testimony to the power of that early Celtic Church, invisible rather than visible to men's minds nowadays, and yet, as with the things unseen but felt, an ever present influence in the land, reminding us through its name that there were Scottish Saints in the early days ; men of simple faith, single-minded zeal, self-denying life ; men who were teachers and guides rather than churchmen to our earliest fathers, ere Scotland had received the name by which it was to become familiar to the nations. After twelve hundred years, we, their descendants, can but add our testimony to theirs, that the name of this man of God, living in the seventh century, is still honoured, and that to this day his works do follow him. In our Bible we read much and often of Holy Places, and as we believe still in the "Church not made with hands" equally with "the fretted aisle and stately fane," so verily does Dunblane combine all ; and, after twelve centuries of prayer and praise the place is indeed sacred in its associations, and in its precincts the name of Blane is reverently spoken.

On Skene's authority, we know more of Blane than of many of his Celtic brethren whose names are but little more than empty tradition. "The Church of Dunblane dates back to the seventh century, and seems to have been an offshoot of the Church of Kingarth, in Bute, for its founder was St. Blane. He was of the race of the Irish Picts, and nephew of that Bishop Cathan who founded Kingarth; and was himself bishop of that church, and his mother was a daughter of King Aidan, of Dalriada." (In the *Felire of Angus* he is named as 'Blann, the mild, of Kingarth,' and in a *gloss* is added 'Dumbaan is his principal city'.) "The Church of Dunblane was situated in the vale of the river Allan, not far from its juncture with the Forth, and is mentioned in the *Pictish Chronicle* under the reign of

Kenneth MacAlpin, when it was burnt by the neighbouring Britons of Strathclyde. We hear no more of this church until the foundation of the bishopric of King David." For it was towards the close of his reign that he added Brechin and Dunblane to the seven bishoprics already established. Again on Skene's authority, we learn "They were probably from the remains of the old Pictish bishopric of Abernethy, in so far as the churches which had been subject to it had not been absorbed by the growing bishopric of St. Andrews, which immediately succeeded it. . . . Abernethy, too, was the last of the bishoprics which existed while the kingdom ruled over by the Scottish dynasty was still called the Kingdom of the Picts, while that of St. Andrews was more peculiarly associated with the Scots, and it was in Stratherne, and in the northern parts of Angus, and in the Mearns, that the Pictish population lingered longest distinct from the Scots."

Although King David re-established Blane's church in 1150, there is undoubted evidence that the Keledei, or as we know them under the more familiar name of Culdees, had been settled there as a Convent or House. This appears natural enough when we recall the importance of the Culdee settlement in Abernethy and King David's frequent allusion to them in his Charters, and we have also authentic facts as to their presence in Dunkeld, Brechin, and St. Andrews, three Sees closely contemporaneous with Dunblane. Skene, however, claims that their house was at Muthil, one of the seats of the Earls of Stratherne, whilst Cosmo Innes says: "The Church of Dunblane was in a different situation from the other bishoprics of Scotland. That diocese was dependent upon the great Earls of Stratherne, and among other indications, some of which we have already seen, that Malis, Earl of Stratherne, did not come willingly into the new notions of David I.; and it may, perhaps, be counted on that the Culdees continued to act as the chapter of that cathedral for a century after they had been ousted at St. Andrews and Dunkeld."

Although architects and antiquarians alike agree that the Tower dates from the twelfth century, we hear little or nothing of the building until 1233, when the learned Clement, a Dominican friar, was appointed to the See. He came but to return to Rome with a pitiless tale of roofless church, of no pastor, of lay influence in the Columban monastery; and the sequel is read in a Papal letter of date 1237: "Whereas, the Church of Dunblane once lay vacant one hundred years or more, nearly all its goods being occupied by laymen; and though, in process of time, many bishops were appointed, yet, owing to their folly and want of care, the scanty residue which had escaped the spoilers was spent, so that now there had been no one for ten years last past who would undertake the See, the revenues would not maintain a bishop for two years, and it stands bare and roofless, with a single rustic chaplain."

The bishops of Glasgow and Dunkeld, to whom appeal was made, seem to have succeeded in again interesting the great Earl in the fortunes or misfortunes of Dunblane Church, for soon we read of Bishop Clement's stately edifice. What a contrast for us between the honoured memory of the humble Blane, and the forgotten grandeur of the great earls, whose smile carried favour and whose word was law. Belonging as they did to the ancient race, they yet conformed to all the fashions of the times, and were courted and deemed equals by the highest Norman families. In style surpassing royalty itself they lived and ruled over what has been termed the only Palatinate in Scotland during the twelfth century. Their princely endowment of Inchaffray Abbey makes their claim to have the bishopric transferred thereto the more interesting, because Blane's church triumphed; then we hear of them for centuries as patrons and superiors of the cathedral bearing his name. The great earldom exists no more, only the descendants of the many branches of its family survive in the aristocratic houses of Athole, Drummond, and others.

Men of power they were in Scotland's golden age of church building, the period which covered the reigns of William the Lion and of the second and third Alexanders—rulers worthy of their name and race—all Celtic kings. Under them peace and plenty, law and justice flourished—a last golden gleam of sunny prosperity ere the dark days that followed closed down on Scottish national life. With the full pocket, visible piety, as revealed in carved stone and column, attested the faith as well as the liberality of all who would be considered as Christians then. "To the glory of God" was no empty titular claim but rather a prick to soiled and bruised consciences, from whose cravings for expiation we inherit finely carved pillars and exquisitely traced mouldings, storied windows and canopied tombs, a perfect glory of stone and glass, from which we can, if we will, read the history of the men and manners who formed the national life through this their accepted medium of ecclesiastical art and architecture.

Dunblane and Dunkeld still remain rural villages, unaffected to any marked extent by the so-called progress of the nineteenth century, for the bustle attendant on manufacturing development has practically passed them by, and nowhere else in England or Scotland do we find better examples of the hermit's wish to seek religious peace in sequestered spot. They stand as living exceptions, proving the rule that around our abbeys and cathedrals commerce and wealth have been fostered and cities have sprung up to influence and to develop the nation's prosperity.

As we look upon the fabric of this building we can easily trace its different periods of erection. The Tower, a Romanesque tower as before said, is oldest, and its position is also worthy of notice. Its walls are over five feet in thickness and form a square of twenty-two and a-half feet, but are not parallel with the walls of the nave, so that the projection into the graveyard is deeper at the south-west corner, by several feet, than at the south-east corner. This again naturally shows the same variance

within the building, where the tower projects into the south aisle. Then too, though square and not round, as are the towers of Abernethy and Brechin and the many Irish towers of contemporary date, there is strong internal evidence to show that like these it served as a place of refuge and safety. The doorway, which is placed in the north wall and consequently within the south aisle, appears from its general design to have been originally built for external rather than internal means of ingress, and, as in the case of Brechin, this door is also several feet above the surface of the ground. No trace of walls or foundations attached to those of the Tower have been discovered; it bears distinct evidence of having primarily been a detached building.

As Dunblane was several times pillaged by the ruthless Danes, who feared "neither the wrath of God nor the face of man," we may logically presume that in this tower, as in others, men guarded their treasures and from its height of four stories were also able to watch for the approach of a possible or probable enemy. As it now stands there are six stories, the two uppermost having evidently been added at a later date, as their corbelled turrets and parapetted battlements belong to the Decorated rather than to the Norman period. On this parapet the arms of Bishop Chisholm of the early sixteenth century may be seen. The ground floor is vaulted, and by a narrow winding stairway in the south-west corner one can reach the battlements and therefrom "view the realm of fair Menteith," Stirling Castle, the far-famed field of Bannockburn, and the rich carse land of Stirling and Falkirk, recalling the pithy old couplet—

"Ae link o' the Forth
'S worth an earldom i' the North."

From the experience of modern days, we know what a veritable Golconda has that richly wooded realm of Menteith proved for Scotland and her people. As we stand

looking toward the golden west, we recall that Dunblane is the starting-point for the journey through the kingdom of Faerie and Romance, comprised for us in the one witching word "Trossachs," which Sir Walter the wizard has bequeathed to all the world by the sweep of a veritable magician's wand. Not even the revenues of the great Earls in their palmiest days, nor the added endowments of Dunblane, Inchaffrey, and Cambuskenneth, could count up to that wonderful pile of gold which "little Scotland" proudly gathers in each year from the four corners of the earth.

Descending the Tower, on crossing the nave at an angle towards the Lady Chapel or north aisle of the choir, we enter that portion of the old church ranking next in age to the Tower. Its vaulted roof and low pointed arches bespeak its early date, before profuse ornament had marked the early Pointed style. A wheel stair in the wall, between the chapel and the north aisle of the nave, leads to a little upper room with small double-light windows, which, however, do not admit light into the choir, and so in this respect differ from those of Dunfermline. Possibly it was used as a scriptorium. The memory travels to stately Gloucester with its magnificent cloisters within which monks transcribed their daily tasks on illuminated missals; but the absence of cloisters in our Scottish cathedrals rendered a writing-room necessary, however small and ill-lighted it might be. Since the restoration, this upper chamber has been formed into an organ loft, and light also admitted into the choir. Some authorities consider that this Lady Chapel may possibly be all that is left of the first church, used by Bishop Clement during the earlier period of his fifteen years' pontificate, whilst "his stately sanctuary, rich in lands and heritage," was being built.

Regarding the chequered history of the cathedral during the Reformation period, we find record in the *Book of Perth* that in June, 1559, the Duke of Argyle and Lord James Stewart, Prior of St. Andrews and half-brother of hapless

Queen Mary, destroyed the eight altars, two of which were named for Celtic saints (the patron St. Blane, and St. Blais). "The muckle candlesticks of silver in Dunblane kirk," so often referred to admiringly by chroniclers, disappeared at this time as well as other ornaments and sacred vessels. The nave was unroofed, and it is marvellous that for three centuries the western gable and pillars survived the winter storms in such exposed position; even the fine mouldings of the western doorway suffered but little from the ravages of wind and weather.

It is a popular belief, but none the less a fallacy, that the destruction and ruined condition of Scotland's churches and abbeys is entirely due to over-zealous reformers. Not so! Edward I., Richard II., Henry VIII., Kings of England, as well as the hotly zealous anger of Highland chief against brother chief and neighbouring clan, are equally, even more responsible for desolation and decay than were the Reformers. Edward I. ordered all the lead at Perth and Dunblane to be taken for his engines at the siege of Stirling Castle, "provided the churches were not uncovered over the altars," a record telling its own tale. Yet Edward was a good churchman in his own country and his reconciliation of conscience with practice is very finely drawn by leaving the roof over the altars. We can thus imagine that a spirit of righteous anger, even of probable revenge, actuated Bishop Maurice, who was also Abbot of Inchaffray, when he rode with Robert the Bruce to Bannockburn where he inspired the soldiers to fight for their country, encouraged the King, and uttered fervent prayers for all. A fine character in a noble picture was Abbot Maurice, as we read the other side of the story from the *English Chronicle*, and learn therefrom that the haughty barons jeered and laughed at the kneeling army and shouted that forgiveness from Heaven they might well seek, for from their English foes they need expect no quarter.

In carrying out the restoration of the "goodly nave" great care has been taken to follow out the original design,

and as little as possible of new material has been introduced. This Nave, 130 feet in length by 58 feet in breadth, consists of eight bays, and its clerestory shows two lancet windows to each bay. It belongs to the Early Decorated period. The walls and pillars remain, but the new roof is to a certain extent a copy of the heraldic ceiling of St. Machar's. On its finely coloured shields are emblazoned the arms of our Kings and reigning Queens from the days of James III. to William IV.—fifteen in all—beginning at the west end on the centre of the roof, and culminating with the arms of Queen Victoria, placed over the chancel arch. On either side is a row of seven shields; those to the north, the insignia of the great Earls of Strathearn; those to the south, three more Earls, Euphemia an heiress, and the Kings Robert II., James I., and James II.—all patrons of the Cathedral.

One of the most attractive of the new objects is the pulpit, carved after the designs of the seventeenth century. Round the front are seven panels and seven statuettes, alternating. On the former are carved the emblems of Christ's crucifixion, and in niches stand the statuettes of St. Blane, David I., Bishop Clement, Malise, John Knox, Bishop Leighton, and Principal Carstairs. Around the handsome canopy is cut in bold lettering, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

Between Nave and Choir is a very beautifully carved screen, in the style of the Italian Renaissance, on which are placed the statuettes of Moses, David, Isaiah, and Jeremiah facing towards the west, whilst turned towards the east are those of John the Baptist and St. Paul.

The aisleless Choir, 81 feet in length by 28 feet in breadth, has been re-roofed and the floor laid with marble and tiles. The plaster has been scraped from its walls and a facing of stone substituted. It is lighted by six lancet windows, and the east window, consisting of a central light with small lancets on either side, has been handsomely restored by Sir John Stirling Maxwell. The chief

The Nave.

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attraction is in the stalls, sixteen in all, beautifully carved in the style of the early sixteenth century. Of these, six still retain their canopies, and the carving thereon in beauty of design, clearness of cutting, and rich intricacy of pattern is unequalled in Scotland (with the exception of the screen in King's College Chapel, Old Aberdeen). There were three bishops of the famous Chisholm family—a family so proud that it is still said in the North, "The Chisholms had a boat of their own at the Flood"—and these Chisholms, two half-brothers and a nephew, succeeded each other. On some stalls are carved the boar's head, the crest of their family, surmounted by a mitre. Other stalls show the sacred monogram, "Gratia Dei," a flying griffin, a vampire, a sleeping fox, a monkey on an ass, vine leaves, clusters of grapes, and everywhere the intertwining of the national thistle and leaves. The stalls had evidently been provided by the Chisholms; and the carving, in all probability, was done in Flanders or by Flemish workers, as we can trace in it strong similarity to like work in the wonderfully carved pulpits in Belgium, notably that of St. Gudule's in Brussels. This choir served as parish church until the restoration.

The west front is very fine; the deeply recessed doorway, with sharply pointed arch on either side, shows perfect work in its shafts and mouldings. Above it is a fine window of three arches, "each with two lights with cinque foils above—a splendid example of lancet windows." In the centre of the gable, above this western window, we see the famed Leaf window which inspired Ruskin to utter such tribute of praise. A triumph indeed of the mason's skill is "this exquisite carving of two leaves crossed," and so the fine Rose window of Carlisle Cathedral finds its sister in the Leaf window of Dunblane.

There are still a few relics of interest to be seen. On the east gable is an old and partly mutilated cross, said to have been shot at by a soldier of the Duke of Cumberland's army. In the Nave, a fine Celtic cross and several effigies in stone—notably that of the good Bishop Michael Ochiltree, who

loved his church well, and who was chosen to crown James II. at Holyrood after the tragedy at Perth—tell their silent story of the past ; and three plain blue slabs in the floor of the Choir still excite curiosity. They mark the resting-places of Margaret, Euphemia, and Sybilla, daughters of Lord John Drummond, victims of that grim tragedy in Drummond Castle which ranks as one of the mysteries of Scottish history. Margaret was generally believed to be the wife of James IV., and when, for reasons of State, that other Margaret came from England to be his acknowledged bride and queen, the king's courtiers and advisers are accused of poisoning the Ladies Drummond whilst at breakfast in their own home. An ugly story as well as a sad one ; another deep shadow on him who has come to be regarded as the gayest of Scottish monarchs, the hero, too, of much of her romantic literature.

A most interesting relic is the "Dead Bell," the most perfect of its kind in Scotland, and rung by the beadle before a funeral. The bell is about five inches deep, the handle being of equal length. On it is engraved a cross with the letters S B, thus—

1615

The hour-glass, no longer used to mark the length of the sermon, may also be seen.

In the churchyard many old and quaint tombstones show the figure "4" cut thereon. This figure stands for the four crosses of Dunblane in former days—Kippencross, Whitecross, Anchorscross, and Crosscaplie.

A plain and sadly weather-beaten stone in one corner bears the name of Jessie Duncan and the date 1788. Nothing to attract the eye, yet beneath it lies all that was mortal of that "charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane," heroine of Tannahill's imperishable lyric which

has carried the name of Dunblane to the four corners of the earth.

The Cathedral, as we now see it, has been restored at a cost of £27,000, towards which the Heritors of the Parish contributed £3,500. The remainder was the munificent gift of Mrs. Wallace, of Glassingall, to whom the Church of Scotland owes a deep debt of gratitude.

Since the Reformation, no Churchman has been more closely associated with Dunblane than Archbishop Leighton whose name is perpetuated in the "Bishop's Walk" and in the Bishop's Library. This latter consists of his most valuable collection of 1,200 books, principally theological and classical, which he bequeathed "for the use of the clergy of the Diocese of Dunblane." It is housed at the Cross, and one notes the mitre carved on the east wall of the building. Few men have lived in such sweet memory; a short extract from the story of his life by the late Very Reverend Principal Tulloch, of St. Andrew's University, speaks volumes:—

"There is no name in Scottish Church history that combines so many attractions as that of Leighton. He is of all our ecclesiastical men the one whom all parties acknowledge as a saint; and there is no feature so rare in the heroic but rugged and turbulent religious life of Scotland as that of saintliness.

"There is something lacking—an element of sweetness, of suavity—in the best names that otherwise claim our reverence. This is the prominent feature in Leighton's character, and in him it is perfect, sweetness mingled with sincerity; the pure expression of a free, and gentle, and honest heart, without any of that subtle tincture of over-sweetness and craft which colour it in some other saintly characters, like St. Francis de Sales.

"I know no character more pure. There are many stronger and, perhaps, wiser (although I am also inclined to estimate Leighton's wisdom of the highest order, baffled as he was), but none more transparently and perfectly good. His name

is a jewel in the crown of the Scottish Church, which shines refulgent with so many glories of a different order ; and it is, and has long been, to me a fact singularly touching that our Church—accounted by many, and rightly accounted, the nurse of the sterner and more heroic Christian virtues—should have produced a character of such light and sweetness as is rarely to be found. Presbyterianism, we shall see, had its share, and, indeed, the chief share, in the formation of such a character.

"Leighton was a Presbyterian for by far the greater period of his life, and it is now ascertained that almost all his writings belong to the Presbyterian portion of his career."

One other tribute to his memory by the Rev. Dr. Walter C. Smith strongly corroborates such testimony :—

". . . . Leighton stood
Alone 'mong men of wrath and blood
In the dim twilight of the day
That dawned, uncertain, on his way.
Nor might he comprehend
Whither its strifes would end.
He comprehended not ; but tried
To quiet now the wrath and pride,
To heal where there was hope, to pray
When hope of healing died away."

Before leaving this interesting historic scene—the successive shrine of Culdee, Catholic, Episcopalian, and Presbyterian saints—it is pleasant to record that at the opening service in 1893 the ceremonies were both reverent and impressive. The sermon preached had also a most suitable text : "But will God, indeed, dwell on the earth ? Beloved the heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee : how much less this house that I have builded ?"

The restoration of this ancient historical sanctuary is accomplished. Blane's church on the hill has again become one of the people's landmarks, and as a suitable conclusion we may once more quote from Ruskin : "Without the elaborate decoration of Melrose or of Roslin, Dunblane immeasurably excels them both in beauty of proportion, and depth, and orce of moulding."

Skene—than whom we have no higher authority—and other historians equally trustworthy, boldly claim that to St. Columba is largely and justly due the development of Scotland and the Scottish nation, and of many extracts and quotations available as proof but one short extract from *Celtic Scotland* must here suffice :—

"One of the most striking features of the organisation of the early Monastic Church in Ireland and Scotland was its provision for the cultivation of learning and for the training of its members in sacred and profane literature, so that it soon acquired a high reputation for the cultivation of letters, and drew to it students from all quarters, as the best school for the prosecution of all, and especially theological, studies." Is not the average Scot a theologian to this day, ever ready and willing to discuss doctrine with all comers ?

At a period when "might was right" we find the Columban Church exercising the strongest influence over wild chiefs and petty kings—barbarous savages if you will—whilst Saxon England was yet almost wholly pagan. Our familiar historical phrase, "The power of the Church," differs greatly in effect in the sister countries. At the time when the haughty churchman Dunstan was making and unmaking Saxon kings, we find that Constantin and Kenneth MacAlpin were upholding the Columban Church and dedicating Dunkeld, Abernethy, and Brechin "to the Lord." Even of the Pictish King Giric, whose name is little more than a shadow to us, the *Book of Deir* records that "he exempted all church lands from exaction, victuals, and hospitality at the hands of kings, mormaers, and toiseachs."

From earliest days, these Northern warriors, both Picts and Scots, seemed to have recognised that theirs was but physical force and power ; the moral or intellectual form of government, as we might term it, was left by them in more peaceful hands, a union of forces which seems to have worked excellently well, and which made Scotland's sturdy race, in spite of her poor soil, ungenial climate, and seeming lack of commercial prosperity, a power to be reckoned with

by wealthier England in later mediæval days. The Church in England became a mighty temporal power, too oft curbing the wills and rights of men, a rival to the throne itself in Dunstan's and Becket's days. Who that has read his Tennyson can forget "King's men"—"Becket's men"?

The Church in Scotland courted and worked with the temporal powers, guiding rather than ruling or repressing the wills of its people. A subtle indefinable difference, yet a distinction not too fine for us to grasp. The Latin Church, its successor, freely imbibed the spirit abroad in the land. Scottish records are full of the tales of struggle between King and nobles, but never once of King against Church, or Church against nobles. The unbiased student of history can never assert that the Roman Catholic Church showed arrogance until in the throes of the final struggle for existence; yet she fell, and all that belonged to her of the beauty of holiness was forgotten, because of her temporal power in other lands. Then the greed of gude Scots lords and rival factions coveted, as did Henry VIII., the Church lands, the fertile farms, and busy, peaceful mills, and the commercial enterprises which abbots and monks had fostered for the country's welfare. But the living power of education was not totally forgotten, and Scotland gained over England in having at least one portion of her Church revenues again devoted to the pursuit of learning. John Knox's establishment of schools in every parish was a fitting legacy bequeathed in a spirit inherited from the Columban Church.

The story of the Church of Dunkeld belongs to a period when Northern Picts, Southern Picts, the Celts of Galloway and Strathclyde, the Saxons of Bernicia, and the Scots of Dalriada were each and all rivals of the other, and "Alban" versus "Scotia" was the battle cry. Dunkeld was then in Albany. Ere the Celtic story of the Kirk of Dunkeld had ended, Albany had become Scotia, and Scotia had become Scotland.

The Cathedral as it now stands is ideally situated. In

By permission of] [Messrs. Valentine, Dundee.

Dunkeld Cathedral.

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DUNKELD

CONSTANTIN.
810–820 A.D.

REFOUNDED
1107.

"In the antique age of bow and spear,
And feudal rapine clothed with iron mail,
Came ministers of peace intent to rear
The Mother Church in yon sequestered vale."

WE may claim Wordsworth's lines as more applicable to Dunkeld Cathedral than to any other Scottish church, for it is situated in the very heart of the mainland and yet far apart from the ways of men. Rural England is dotted with the ruins of abbey, priory, and convent, ever present memorials for us of mediæval monks and nuns who lived out their quiet and peaceful though generally uneventful lives, far from busy haunts. But in Scotland it was ever otherwise. Hard to believe as it may at first appear, the power of the Church in its truest and purest sense has, since Columba's days, been greater than feudalism or the power of royalty. If we would perfectly understand the trend of Scottish history or the development of Scottish character—with its strong self-assertion, its fierce independence of action, its marked individuality even to brusque uncouthness, its stern love for whatever it believes to be truth, and its peculiar and contradictory expansion and repression of sentiment—then we must first study the story of its early Celtic Church, with its wonderful educational system and intellectual development.

front sweeps the "lordly" Tay, whilst behind and around rise crag after crag, so richly wooded that the church seems veritably nestling midst the trees. Behind all is the magnificent heather-clad Grampian range; Birnam Wood is here, and from the heights above, Dunsinane marks the horizon. Even the light-hearted tourist, who is either ignorant of or indifferent to all historic associations, is deeply impressed as he stands on the old stone bridge and looks up the river with its varied and ever varying effects of light and shade. For the artist, it forms a true picture with architectural foreground and a wealth of natural scenery behind and around. On closer inspection, regret overpowers one that so much of the building is gone, so very little left of this ancient seat of the Primate or High Bishop of Fortrenn, taking precedence of the See of St. Andrews.

Iona had fallen upon evil days. The ruthless Danes had pillaged and burned—not even Columba's bones might rest in peace. A safer locality for the Annoid or Mother Church must be chosen, inland too, so that the ravagers of the coast might not easily penetrate thither. So as Skene says: "The position selected was at the pass where the Tay makes its way through the barrier of the Grampians; and here, while Constantin ruled over both Dalriada and the Picts, he founded the Church at Dunkeld, in which he may possibly have put the brethren from Lindisfarne who took refuge with him in 796 A.D." (Oswald the Patrician and his followers, expelled by the Norwegian and Danish pirates). Again, in Bellenden's translation of Boece we read: "At this time Sanct Mungo heir and Sanct Colme preiche afore Brudeus, was ravist in spreit be his devine wourdes, and followit him to Dunkeld, quhare Conwallus beildit ane riche abbay afore; bot now be magnificence of princis, it is maid ane bischoppis seit, craftely biggit with square and polist stanes. Quhen thir two holy men had remanit VI monethis in Dunkeld, they departit hame. Sanct Mungo returnit to Glasguew and Sanct Colme to Ireland."

In the *Pictish Chronicle* we may learn that this Constantin, son of Fergus, established Dunkeld about 810–20 A.D. Wyntoun's allusion to this fact is quaintly told—

"The King off Peychtis Constantyne
Be Tai than foundyd Dunkeldyne,
A place solempne cathedrale
Dowyd well in temporalle."

* * * * *

"The bys-chope and chanownys thare
Serwys God and Saynct Colme, Seculare."

These "secular canons" were the Culdees, Keledei, Colidei, or Deicolæ, and their new home at Fortrenn was made strong and secure, and soon changed its name to Dunkeld—strong home of the Keledei.

Constantin was succeeded by Kenneth MacAlpin the Scot, and again we may learn of the power and influence exercised by these early fathers over the minds of the rudest of warriors. The Columban clergy had been dispossessed and driven out of the country of the Southern Picts by Nectan, 717 A.D., because they would not conform to Roman usages, and the *Pictish Chronicle* clearly indicates this as one of the causes of Kenneth's supremacy: "For God thought them worthy to be made aliens from and stript of their hereditary possessions as their perverseness deserved, because they not only spurned the rites and precepts of the Lord, but also refused to allow themselves to be placed on an equal footing with others." In 850 A.D. Kenneth dedicated the church to St. Columba and transferred the Saints' relics to Dunkeld, and in the annals of Ulster, 865 A.D., we find reference to its Abbot as Primate of the Pictish Church. Eight years later, "Superior of Dunkeld" was the title given. In the next century, Duncan, Abbot of Dunkeld, was a leader in one of the wars of succession. His power over the wide lands with which the Church was "dowyd well" no doubt made him an important character.

Then comes the story of Abbot Crinan, so powerful that he might aspire to the hand of the king's daughter. This King, Malcolm II., lived in Glamis Castle in Forfarshire or Angus, and his grave and very wonderfully carved cross thereon may still be seen in the Manse garden at Glamis. The son of Abbot Crinan's marriage was Duncan, Shakespere's "gentle Duncan," who ascended the throne on the death of his maternal grandfather in 1034. By his accession, Scotland thus received from the hereditary lay abbots of Dunkeld its dynasty of Celtic kings which held the throne until the days of Robert Bruce. The Abbey's endowments became royal revenue, and by strange irony of fate its Columban Church was to be overthrown and replaced by one of its own royal house.

When Malcolm Caenmore, son of the murdered Duncan (whose bones had been carried to sacred Iona), dethroned the usurper Macbeth and married Margaret the Saxon, Dunkeld again comes into prominence. Ethelred, their youngest son, was made Abbot, and when Queen Margaret held her great council to confute and refute the doctrines and ritual of the Celtic Church, it is rather interesting to find that she brings against the clergy, lay abbots, and "secular canons" thereof, no accusation as to marriage. How could she consistently do so when Abbot Crinan was her husband's grandfather ?

At Ethelred's death the Abbey again reverted to the Crown, and King Edgar, an elder brother, appointed Cormac as Bishop. Then Alexander, another brother, changed its constitution in 1107, and erected it into a cathedral church, with Bishops and Canons of the order of St. Augustine and a secular college. Its great possessions and privileges were reserved to it until Turgot, Bishop of St. Andrews, claimed jurisdiction over all Culdee houses ; and later still, we read of the Archbishop of York's claim "that all Scottish Bishops were his suffragans." In 1188, Pope Clement III. granted a Bull to William the Lion recognising the independence of the Scottish Church ; but long ere this time, Dunkeld had

been curtailed of much of her lands by David the "Sair Sanct who found three Bishoprics, and left nine." In 1200, its western district was entirely cut off to form the Diocese of Argyle or Lismore. About 1239, the "use of Sarum" was introduced.

Its Celtic ritual was now gone, so too was its Celtic influence over men. A new pomp and panoply strangely unsuitable was assumed, but peace having departed from its Zion it became a very centre of feud and bloody strife; its bishops had their trains of armed followers, and in the rivalry of clan and churchmen, battle cries mingled with and too often drowned the voices of the singers of the Psalms. The shade of the good Columba surely lingered still over its precincts, and we may recall the lofty theme of his favourite eighty-fourth Psalm and realise how sadly had the goodly places fallen. We shall learn in the story of the Celtic Church how very little power its Latin successors ever gained over the Celts themselves.

As the building now stands its architecture is "perplexing," and yet Alexander Myln, a canon of Dunkeld in 1505, and afterwards Abbot of Cambuskenneth and first President of the College of Justice, has fortunately left a history of the lives of the Bishops of Dunkeld, which professes to give a more minute account of the dates of the different parts of the structure of the Cathedral than we have of any similar building in the country. From this account it would appear that the existing structure is chiefly of the fifteenth century.

The first choir, 1220–50, was built in the Early English style, and there are traces of the same still in existence. In 1312, "A Master of Works" is mentioned, and in 1320 the choir is said to have been founded by William St. Clair, "Robert Bruce's own Bishop," and the thirteenth in order from Bishop Cormac of King Edgar's time. This Church dignitary, at the head of sixty followers, rallied a retreating body of five hundred Scots attacked by the English, and repulsed the enemy shouting, "All you that love Scotland's honour follow me!" He was of the Rosslyn family, and

thus his family arms—the Cross engrailed—so impressively carved again and again in Rosslyn Chapel, are also to be seen here on the East gable. In June, 1380, the English invaders burned the Cathedral, but Bishop John of Peebles, 1377–96, repaired it and filled the great East window with coloured glass.

The Choir as now seen is used as the Parish Church. There are no aisles, and its dimensions are 103 feet long by 29 feet wide. On the north stands the Chapter House, two stories in height, and 27 feet long by 20 feet wide. This Chapter House now forms the mausoleum for the Ducal family of Athol, and several of its monuments are characteristic of the Renaissance period. One on the north wall shows the familiar *fess cheque* of the Stewarts, quartered with arms of Athol, and bears the quaint sounding motto, "Furth Fortoon et fil ye Feteris," not yet entirely obsolete in spelling and usage, as "Furth the Country" is still a recognised phrase. Almost opposite, stands another monument resplendent in panoply and pride, for thirty-two coats of arms, arranged in double rows of eight adorning its sides, are but part of its armorial bearings. It tells of the pomp of dust forgotten, and yet close by us stands the roofless ruined Nave of St. Columba's Church!

On the floor above are small windows partly built up, and on the outside wall may be seen the arms of Bishop Lauder, who finished the Nave, built the South Porch with its statues, and added glazing and carved woodwork within the church, which he dedicated in 1465. He laid the foundations of the Bell Tower in 1469, and those of the Chapter House in 1457. Bearing this in mind, we may gaze respectfully on his chosen *griffin*, which in the mediæval language of the Bestiary period, "signifies the Devil who carries off the soul of the wicked man to the deserts of hell" (Griffins also carried the good to heaven). This same good Bishop was a noted preacher, and as he had been tutor to James II., and also instructor of the eloquent Soltre, his influence was very great. The old bridge too, over the Tay, was his bequest,

and in early Scottish records we find that next to legacies for the Church ranked legacies for bridges. For precedent of Kipling's title of "Bridge builders" as applied to Englishmen in the Colonies, we have, after all, but to go back to mediæval times, whereof we may read for ourselves in Jusserand's *English Wayfaring Life in the Fourteenth Century*. Good, generous, eloquent, earnest, all these and more was Bishop Lauder, and yet after reading an extract from Myln's history as to his gifts and work for his beloved church the story which follows is but the more emphatic in its lesson.

Bishop Lauder gave to Dunkeld, in 1461, six standard candlesticks, one chalice, three cruets, two vials, a silver pyx for chrism, a solid pyx of silver for the Eucharist, a holy-water vat, two sprinklers, and two censers of silver. At the high altar he painted the reredos or "antemurale" with the twenty-four miracles of St. Columba, and two images, two pillars, and two angels above it, and added fifteen chandlers in fair fashion bearing tapers of wax in honour of our Saviour, according to the description in the Apocalypse, "two frontals of silk and a pillar for the pascal." Surely such generosity deserved and still deserves fullest recognition, yet the facts go to prove that what had been a specially chosen situation for the peaceful welfare of the Church in the eighth century had become a very centre of strife and discord in the fifteenth century. This good Bishop had dared to imprison a Robertson (and we may safely presume the Bishop was in the right), but a Highland Chief had become greater in his own estimation than a mere Sassenach Bishop, be he benefactor, adviser of the King, or no, and one of his clansmen became for the nonce of supreme importance to Alexander the Chief of this Clan Donnoquhy of Athol. So on Whit Sunday, of all days, whilst the good Bishop was saying mass, the Robertsons burst unexpectedly into the choir, "this great and worthy High Priest" was compelled to fly precipitately from the altar, and alas! for the dignity of the prelate and the reverence of the sanctuary,

was actually obliged to climb to the rafters of the choir so as to save himself from the swords and flights of arrows of the avenging Catheran. What a story is here, a fitting prelude to Gavin Douglas's attempted entrance in the following century, a reminiscence in part of that scene in Canterbury between King and greater dignitary. Elgin and Dunkeld, in spite of gorgeousness of array and stately ceremonial, had long ere this lost the peace and influence for good over Celtic hearts, possessed to the full by St. Columba and his Family of Iona.

Poor Bishop Lauder, harassed and worn out, resigned in 1476, for during these closing years the records and all diocesan papers had been kept in the Church of the Friars of Mount Carmel at Tullilum, under the walls of Perth, and there too the clergy had met their bishop and dignitaries because of their terror of the raiding Highlanders. Yet these Highlanders one and all nowadays are noted in the Church for simplest ritual and exceeding zeal in God's worship. To be absent from Church service on Sunday is to be ill or unavoidably detained. "Full of years and good works," Bishop Lauder died in 1481, and the Cathedral lands, under the name of the Baronies of Dunkeld and Abernethy, were legacies too of his business capabilities and zeal for his Church.

But to return to the story of the now roofless Nave (120 feet long by 60 feet wide) which he finished. On its south wall stands a finely arched and crocketed tomb with effigy, coats of arms, and much carving. It is that of Bishop Cardeny, who, according to Myln, founded it in 1406 and carried it up to the second arches "commonly called the blind story." He also decorated the windows of the choir with glass and founded and adorned an altar to St. Ninian. Many lands for church revenue were also acquired by this hard-working cleric. (Ingratitude or utter lack of appreciation seem to have been the special characteristic of the natives, presumably under Church control in the Diocese of Dunkeld; for having narrowly escaped with his life in an

attack on his house, Bishop Cardeny perforce had a strong tower added to his episcopal palace.) Although the massive piers, each four feet six inches in diameter, of the seven bays of the nave appear Norman, they belong to a later period, as we know from the dates and from the fact that "the triforium is poor and the clerestory insignificant." The great western window is plainly unsymmetrical in position, and indicates that there have been changes and additions to the original plan. The aisles are twelve feet wide and the south one has been vaulted. The south porch is in ruins. The tower, 96 feet high and 24 feet square, is considered a very good example of the style of its period. Two of its bells were dedicated to St. Colme and St. George, and the music once used in the Cathedral is said to be preserved in the library of Edinburgh University.

On close inspection we may note the smallness of many of the stones in the walls of the aisles, and thanks to our records we also learn the cause thereof. John of Ralstoun, the King's secretary, was appointed Bishop in 1447 as successor to Bishop Cardeny, and during the three years of his life he lived up to his predecessor's traditions, and to the best of his ability, carried out his plans. An extract will tell its tale for us eloquently: "Bishop Ralstoun, with the neighbouring nobles, carried fardels of stones from Burbane quarry to complete the aisles. The mortar was carried in baskets and the stones were conveyed on horseback when roads and carts did not exist. Labour was paid daily at the rate of 2d. or 3d. Scots." There were other equally good and zealous churchmen, notably Bishop Brown, who sent out missionary preachers to teach in Gaelic those Highlanders who did not understand English. He also added the fine brass lectern with its statues of the four Evangelists, and also the full-size brass statue of Moses holding up the Books of the Law on outstretched arms. All men of whom we might applicably quote —

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum."

But the times were out of joint, their earnest devotion and daily toil unappreciated because of such, and to the present-day visitor even their names are unknown. Sir Walter Scott has saved from oblivion one who, as a bishop, served only his own interests, and in comparison with Bishop Lauder was not to be worthy of mention as a faithful son of the Church. Yet it is Gavin Douglas who is glibly quoted as "The Bishop of Dunkeld."

When he came to take possession of the See in 1516, his rival, Andrew Stewart, greeted him with a fusilade of stones and arrows; and being in possession of the steeple and palace, did not hesitate to shoot therefrom. A Douglas would not yield even to a Stewart, and so the prelate summoned to his aid the Douglas followers of Angus and Fife, and himself carefully provided the stores of food and ammunition necessary for the coming force, for Gavin knew well the power of "forewarned, forearmed." Having thus brought men and guns to the position, he soon forced admittance to the cathedral, and then, with that profession of Christian faith, not altogether obsolete in present times, he acknowledged his success in "thanks to the intercession of St. Columba without loss of limb." Dunkeld was still sticking to her acquired reputation as a field for Christian warriors.

Gavin, though deeply learned in classic lore, need have expected little courtesy, for whilst there raged such fierce enmity between factions of nobles and Highlander and Lowlander—Celt and Sassenach—as we have learned to picturesquely describe them, there was little to boast of in the way of true religion or culture on either side. Gavin's father, the fiery old "Bell the Cat," reputedly gave

> "Thanks to St. Bothan Son O' mine
> Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line,"

and in these words, literally interpreted, we have the key to many a similar situation. In reality it was Marmion's treacherous use of letters that aroused the old Douglas's

contempt, and we find that the renowned Gavin had his popular audience and admirers as well as his critical and scholarly compeers. He himself tells us plainly that he wishes to be known to the folk in his lines—

> "I set my bissy pane
> As that I couth to mak it braid and plane,
> Kep-and na Southron bot our awn langage."

A born leader of men was Gavin, and as a Douglas, he could but live up to his traditions, and we can, if we will, find such adjectives as intriguing and its kind, applicable as well as applied to the scholarly Bishop. They were troublous times then, and he was a man born to rule also to intrigue, proud of his race, but take him all in all, a good Scot. Sir Walter may cast his glamour of romantic interest over our clear seeing, but the glamour is better than the crude sight which so often reads the past judging it by the standard of the present. So here in Dunkeld it is pleasant to recall that this warrior-statesman-priest was the first of all scholars to translate Virgil into the Saxon tongue, and that nowhere in our literature exists a more pleasant picture of mediæval scene and dignitary than that in the chapel of Tantallon Castle, at the restoration of Ralph de Wilton to his love, his honour, and his arms.

> "A bishop by the altar stood,
> A noble lord of Douglas blood,
> With mitre sheen and rocquet white,
> . . . . .
> Yet showed his meek and thoughtful eye,
> But little pride of prelacy.
> More pleased that in a barbarous age
> He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page,
> Than that beneath his rule he held
> The bishopric of fair Dunkeld."

A meek-eyed Douglas appears to us an anachronism after that Dunkeld siege, and in the story of St. Giles we must perforce learn somewhat of priest Gavin's methods. Having

learned all, the ideal must still prevail, and we will ever remember that as Gavin Dunbar dominates the Cathedral of Old Aberdeen, so Gavin Douglas is *par excellence* the Bishop of Dunkeld.

Bishops Cardeny, Ralstoun, Lauder, and Brown are dead and forgotten, or but of faint memory. After such scenes between rival factions, alike equally regardless of the fabric of the church as a sacred sanctuary, we may the better realise that the oft-quoted "cakes and ale" and merry lazy lives of monks and clergy were, at times, pure fiction. The thorns in their bed of roses were many and sharp-pointed. There seems to have been no *dolce far niente* life in those days; "Men of ability were all obliged to take part in the stirring times."

Reverence for the fabric of the consecrated sanctuary lies at the very root of the ritual of the Latin Church. She had never for any period of time been able to impress this on Scotland or on her very own children, whether prince or peasant, and as we turn to look at one of the monuments here, we find a strangely suitable object lesson. The "Wolf of Badenoch" burned down Elgin Cathedral, "the pride of the land, the glory of the realm, the delight of way-farers and strangers, a praise and boast among foreign nations, lofty in its towers without, splendid in its appointments within, its countless jewels and rich vestments and the multitude of its priests, serving God in righteousness." Such are the words of wailing uttered by its Bishop in his letters to the King, Robert III., in 1390, the year of the disaster. And this "Wolf of Badenoch" of appropriate sobriquet—who was he? No less a potentate than a Stewart of that notable Norman Fitz-Alan family, who built and endowed Paisley Abbey and many another fair church and shrine, and who gave a royal dynasty to the country. No wild lawless Celt in any sense whatever was this Earl of Buchan, but actually a royal Prince himself, even brother to the King. And the outrage was accentuated by its being done on the feast day of St.

Botolph, and to his bonfire in honour of the Saint he added "the Parish Church, the Maison Dieu, eighteen manses of canons and the whole City of Elgin." And why? Because the Bishop and he had quarrelled furiously. The churchman had brought against the rebellious member the power of the Church's arm, and excommunication was thundered forth against him. Such decree had humbled the Plantagenet King John, but a Scottish Stewart cared nought and retaliated quickly after his own manner. In due time he was led to do penance and to give compensation, but the lesson was and still is burned in on every mind. Having made his peace with the Church, he now lies under a tomb here "an earl and lord of happy memory." A fine altar tomb on the east side of the choir was no mean recompense for the penance done in palliation of his flagrant offence, and as we gaze on this monument, dating from 1394, with its grim warrior's effigy in full armour, his feet resting on a lion, we may read deeply between the lines.

The Reformation was at hand, and Bishop Paton was deposed in 1571 for simony. But John Knox cannot be associated with the ruin of the building. In a letter addressed to our trusty friends the Lairds of Amtuby and Kinwayd, and signed by "Argyll," "James Stewart" and "Ruthven" in 1560, the said Lairds have fully detailed orders to destroy all except—"Fail not but ye take good heed that neither the desks, windows, nor doors be anyways hurt or broken . . . either glass work or iron work."

A century passed, but not yet had abiding peace settled over Dunkeld. In 1689, the troops of "Bonnie Dundee," after his death at Killiecrankie, met 1200 Cameronians within the shadow of the venerable, if not venerated walls. The Cathedral and three houses, occupied by the troops, narrowly escaped being burned outright. From seven o'clock in the morning until eleven o'clock of that August night, the villagers sheltered within its walls and formed barricade of defence with the seats. So the ruin was completed. In its roofless nave and aisles the prophecy of St. Columba's

favourite psalm has come to pass : around its ancient altars, in its triforium and clerestory, the swallow and the sparrow have generation after generation hatched and sheltered their young; and the ivy, the wallflower and the quicken-tree (rowan) find root and sustenance in its ruined walls. Yet the worship of God in peace, perfect peace, is now maintained, and hope is strong that ere long this ancient and very historically interesting Cathedral will rise again from its ruins to be another monument to St. Columba's memory.

Church building as a form of expiation belongs to the Norman and the Middle Ages, but surely the nineteenth century is not entirely lacking in good works. Those who still profit by the Church lands and revenues, seized at the Reformation, and those who would nowadays in heart repudiate the fierce aggressiveness of early ancestors, may well add their influence or their mite to such a noble cause. Dunblane is again a pride to the land, Brechin will be so ere long, but Dunkeld, which antedates both, remains undisturbed.

The gnarled yews and the huge spreading beeches proclaim their antiquity, and seated in the stillness of their shade, broken only by the murmur of the beautiful Tay, one can truly say of this Church of St. Columba—

> "Once ye were holy! Ye are holy still;
> Your spirit freely let me drink and live."

By permission of] [Messrs. Valentine, Dundee.

St. Giles' Cathedral.

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EDINBURGH

ST. GILES.
640–726 A.D.

CONSECRATED
1243.

"The past is so mighty an element in a nation's greatness, that all wise men seek to preserve it. They teach history to their children; they observe anniversaries; they preserve carefully ancient monuments. And when our kinsmen from America visit us—if they envy us in anything—it is the inspiring and solemnising influence of such great historic buildings as this."—*The Book of St. Giles.*

ST. GILES takes last place as most recent foundation in the list of Scottish Cathedrals. Its building has neither spire nor tower, the place of the latter being filled by a very graceful and effective crown of stonework, a feature of architecture comparatively popular in Scotland but, with one exception, unknown in England. As seen from Princes Street, the Cathedral stands out conspicuously against the sky-line formed by the ridge of the Old Town, and, together with the more dominant Castle, shares to the full in public attention and estimation. There is indeed a very close connection between Cathedral and Castle. St. Giles is the Soldiers' Church, and no more impressive service can be heard anywhere than the one held every Sunday morning for the regiment from the Castle. So widely known has this service become, that the tourist considers it as one of the sights of the city.

This military spectacle is enhanced by its environment within the venerable building. Its pillars and their capitals are but stands for many torn and tattered banners from

the battlefields of the nation ; its walls are marked by the bronze records of heroes and of patriotic sons of the country ; its chapels take their names from warrior statesmen and benefactors rather than from Saints ; its windows are in prominent instances commemorative of fighters for Church and State. The *tout ensemble,* in a word, materialises in stone for us the well-worn phrase "The Church Militant," for, if ecclesiastic in form, it is truly historic in detail—an interesting combination when we recall its story.

Its sister cathedrals, now restored, lay claim to the traditions of Celtic saints with their wattle and clay churches, on whose ancient sites early royal founders and mediæval bishops built and enlarged their stately Norman and Gothic temples. St. Giles had no such inheritance, if we except the secondary Celtic influence from Lindisfarne. A church certainly existed within Edwin's burgh in the ninth century, but her small parish church of St. Giles was not consecrated until the thirteenth century, and this church was only elevated to the rank of a Collegiate Church two centuries later at a time when Lollardism had become a power to be reckoned with. When Edinburgh was Royal Edinburgh and the Court was gay at Holyrood, the Jameses and their Queens worshipped in public in this collegiate church. It was not until Charles I. sat on the throne of the United Kingdom that St. Giles was erected into the Cathedral of the Diocese of Edinburgh. Our capital city can thus point to her Protestant Cathedral and Protestant University as unique records in national annals.

If in one sense we cannot say here "Every stone we tread on has its history," we can none the less give it precedence as the most historically interesting of the Scottish Cathedrals to the world at home and abroad.

Entering by the doorway from High Street we find ourselves within the North Transept, the oldest portion of the original structure now standing. We note the massive octagonal pillars, supports of the tower, and the expert can also mark the indications of the disastrous fire of 1385. We

also note that the many chapels have crowded out the cruciform plan. The finely carved pulpit, though of modern date, perforce recalls the comment of a north country beadle who, when reproved on a cold morning for neglecting the stove which heated his church, replied, "There'll be fire in the pulpit the day." It has been the fire in the pulpit which has made for St. Giles a place in the history of the world.

Facing eastward, the Chambers Memorial Chapel naturally demands our first attention and tells its own story on the brass plate inscribed thus : "This Chapel is in memory of William Chambers of Glenmoriston, LL.D., publisher, Lord Provost of Edinburgh, 1865–69, to whose munificence Scotland is indebted for the complete restoration of this ancient Cathedral, 1883." The large window, which so appropriately represents Solomon's dedication of the Temple and Zerubbabel's superintendence of the building of the Second Temple, is a memorial to the brothers William and Robert Chambers; and another beautiful window, dedicated to Robert Chambers second, is also placed here. The name of Chambers has become a household word throughout the English-speaking world, and for this munificent restoration of the national Zion his name is also held in grateful memory.

The cause of Scottish religion and of Scottish education owes far more to the rich and successful men who began life as poor boys than to her nobles who are, in too many instances, inheritors of lands despoiled from the pre-Reformation Church.

Entering the Choir, we note how much its architectural effect is heightened by the soft light from the stained-glass windows. One of these, to the left, was erected by the Stevenson family, and memories of Robert Louis Stevenson crowd upon us as we stand on this spot, well known and oft recalled by him when exiled perforce on the shores of far-off sunny seas. These windows, designed and executed by Edinburgh artists, far excel in beauty and richness of effect

the majority of those in Glasgow Cathedral, even though these latter were executed "furth the country." One also notes that all are the gifts of generous Commoners. The windows in the Clerestory represent the craftsmen of the Ancient Capital.

In the Preston Aisle which forms an extension to the choir, on the right, the Royal Pew is a prominent feature. When the General Assembly meets in Edinburgh annually in the month of May, the Lord High Commissioner, as Representative of Royalty, sits therein.

Next to the Preston Aisle we may see the Chapman Aisle, with two carvings of interest which tell their own tale. The one represents an eagle, the emblem of St. John the Evangelist, and close to it is the scroll legend in black letter *In Principio*. The other bears on a shield, supported by a winged angel, the coat of arms of Walter Chapman, founder of this chapel. Dr. William Chambers entered with great zeal into the cleaning and restoring thereof, and to him we owe the brass tablet, the suitably inscribed encaustic tiles and the grille of hammered ironwork, as special tributes from a publisher of the enlightened nineteenth century to one who was in Scotland the "Father of Printing." On the brass tablet we read: "To the memory of Walter Chapman, designated the Scottish Caxton, who, under the auspices of James IV. and his Queen Margaret, introduced the art of Printing into Scotland 1507; founded this aisle in honour of the King and Queen and their family 1513; and died in 1532: this tablet is gratefully inscribed by William Chambers, LL.D., 1879."

To the west of the southern transept we come on the Moray Aisle, and in its much admired window also see its story pictured; the assassination of the "Good Regent" in Linlithgow, and the scene in St. Giles when John Knox preached his funeral sermon to an audience of 3,000, "who had not a dry eye among them." In this aisle, too, was placed the fine window to the memory of General Wauchope of the Highland Brigade, who died in South Africa in 1899,

and who is still deeply mourned as one of Scotland's noblest Christian soldiers. Facing westward we see the fine oriel of three lights—another object lesson from history. In the centre are the Royal Arms, copied from a stone slab in Holyrood Abbey of the time of James V.; to the right, are the arms and crest of the Duke of Hamilton, Hereditary Keeper of Holyrood; and to the left, the legend of its Abbey is depicted in the escape of David I. of blessed memory, who was miraculously saved from a stag by a luminous cross which shone between the infuriated animal and his prey.

The great West Window, of which the Prophets form the subject, is specially noticeable. In this same western gable, near to High Street, we shall also see a very striking window by William Morris and his coadjutor, Burne Jones. The principal subject is Joshua, treated in cerulean blue and flame colour. As the sun streams through this window the figure looks as if on fire, and equally impressive is the effect of brilliant light given forth on any of the many dark and dreary days of this foggy winter climate.

Of the many fine monuments, two deserve special attention, to Argyll and to Montrose, both makers of history, both martyrs for conscience and faith.

If Puritan and Covenanting in sympathy we shall approach St. Elois Chapel, and there gaze upon the heavily gilded marble and alabaster monument and possibly also regret, in utilitarian vein, that so much money has been spent upon such execrable style in Art. Above it, however, the window, filled with the arms of the great Marquis and his prominent Covenanter friends, brings us back to calmer judgment, and memories of that last wonderful sleep of Argyll throw insight upon the character of one whose conscience needed not to make him afraid. Every Scot worthy of the name should value this window as a record of those who in large measure contributed to the formation of that high moral standard in speech and action which have come to be recognised as characteristic of Scotland

throughout the world, and which inspired philosophic Wordsworth to pen the lines—

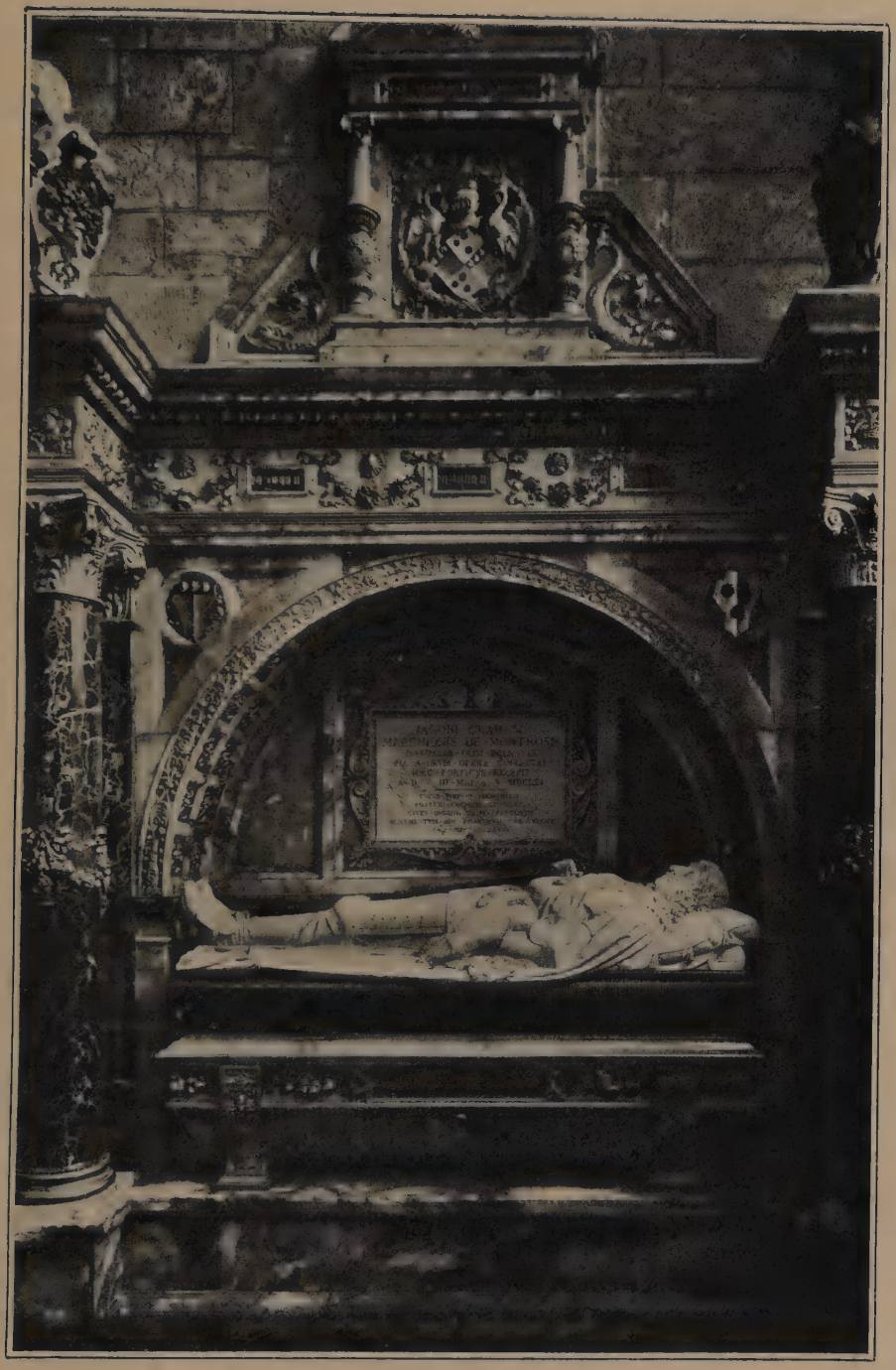
> "A stately speech
> Such as grave Livers do in Scotland use;
> Religious men, who give to God and man their dues."

If Cavalier and Jacobite in sentiment, we shall seek out the monument, erected by the clan Graham, in 1888, to the memory of their great hero the Marquis of Montrose, in the Chapman Aisle, and, standing before it, repeat the many trenchant lines of Aytoun's wonderfully graphic ballad, notably—

> "Of him who sold his king for gold,
> The Master thief Argyll,"

and live over again that execution scene which convulsed the city and shook the kirk to her foundations. The fine window here shows the armorial bearings of Cavaliers, and we note that of Spotswood of that ilk.

Time hallows all things, the rivals lie almost side by side in honoured dust, and hard by their respective monuments the descendants of Covenanter and Cavalier sit side by side in St. Giles, placid listeners to a service and sermon sufficiently ritualistic and gravely decorous enough to have pleased a zealot in either cause. The younger generation, trained to regard tolerance as one of the highest attributes of the Christian faith, may possibly, in the arrogance of youth, occasionally wonder "what was the trouble all about"—so great is the difference between the sowing and the reaping. For, as the late and revered Dean Stanley so aptly said of our Scottish Churches and their services: "It is quite possible to appropriate all that is ancient and beautiful in the past without ministering to those modern fancies and superstitions to which other churches afford a more ready access;" and we admire that catholicity of spirit which placed a bronze bas-relief of the Dean's bust on the cathedral walls.



The Montrose Monument.

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Having thus walked round the building and seen of the present, we shall be better able to enter into the spirit of the past which here speaks to us of national life and struggle, of churchman's zeal and of layman's generosity, productive of a true relationship between beauty, religion, and worship. What more appropriate quotation can be given than the following extract from the sermon, preached by the minister of St. Giles, on the occasion of the opening service after the Restoration in 1883 :—

"Every form of faith and worship that Scotland has seen has probably been here. . . . Here certainly, throughout centuries, the Church of Rome celebrated her ritual. . . . Then came the changes which we all know. First, the Prayer Book of King Edward VI.; then the *Book of Common Order*; then for a brief moment the foreign enforced *Service Book*; then the worship of the Westminster Directory; then English Independents took possession, and soldiers preach with pistols by their side; then came the forms which are being gradually modified; and so we come to the service of the present hour—Roman prelate, Priest, Presbyter, Anglican Bishop, Covenanter, Independent, Sectary, Minister—they have all been here. These arches have echoed to their changing voices"—

> "Age to age succeeds,
> Blowing a noise of tongues and deeds,
> A dust of systems and of creeds."

With such thoughts in our hearts we can better understand the story of the Retrospect.

RETROSPECT.

The story of St. Giles differs considerably from that of other patron Saints of Scottish Cathedrals, in that he was Greek and not Celt. St. Giles, or the Holy Ægidius, was a native of Athens, born in 640 A.D. His parents were of

gentle even of royal blood, and were as distinguished for piety as was their son for learning, charity, and faith. This Greek Christian is commemorated only in three places in Scotland—Elgin, Ormiston, and Edinburgh—but in England he has earned no less than 146 dedications ; while in France also he was exceedingly popular. To that country he set sail in his twenty-fifth year, and as his fame and power to work miracles had preceded him, on reaching Arles he was warmly welcomed as an honoured member of the Greek Colony. One of his miracles recalls for us that of St. Martin of Tours, to whose close connection with Scotland we owe our notable Martinmas term day. St. Giles cast his cloak over a sick beggar, who was immediately healed of his disease.

From Arles he removed to Nismes, and whilst there the hind which is ever depicted as his companion took shelter with him, and was miraculously hidden from its pursuers—Flavius Wamba, king of the Visigoths, and his hunters—who discharged their arrows into the thicket, then entered and found the Hermit wounded, the hind unhurt. Wamba was converted, and over the spot the Flavian Monastery was founded. We next read of the Saint as fleeing from the invasion of Roderick the Goth to the Court of Charles Martel at Orleans ; then of his death, not later than 726 A.D. Later on his body was transferred to Toulouse, and an arm bone of St. Giles is still one of the special treasures of Bruges—fellow to that much-prized relic which Preston obtained for Edinburgh at great expense and personal enterprise, and which was thrown out and lost as "rubbish" at the Reformation. From the Breviary of Aberdeen we know that his feast day was the 1st of September.

French influence, so paramount in Scotland at a later date, did not exist when St. Giles was chosen a patron Saint ; so no clear explanation as to the cause of his selection is possible, except that, as already stated, he had many dedications in England.

Edinburgh bears its Saxon origin in its name, and in

854 A.D. the church of "Edwinsburch" belonged to the Bishopric of Lindisfarne or the Holy Isle, off the coast of Northumberland. Just as Strathclyde included Northern England and much that is now the Diocese of Carlisle, so did Northumbria carry its northern boundary to the Forth, until in 1020 its king Eadwulf ceded part thereof to Malcolm II., maternal grandfather of the "gentle Duncan," whose wife again was a sister of that Siward of Northumbria who figures in the play of *Macbeth*.

Although we know from records of 1150 that a Monastery and Grange of St. Giles existed in Edinburgh, not till 1241 do we find allusion to the Vicar of St. Giles, and only in 1243 was the Church of St. Giles consecrated by the Bishop of St. Andrews. The service book he then used, with notes on its fly-leaf as to this ceremony, is still extant in Paris. Of this early church little or nothing remains. A fine Norman doorway was destroyed during the repairs made about a century ago, but most fortunately a picture of the same exists. We know, however, that the church must have been a very small one, as in Monastery records of the thirteenth century its value for taxation is entered at twenty-six merks only.

Border Lands and "Debatable" Lands have ever been subject to fire and sword, and this, too, was the fate of Edinburgh during the War of Independence. Although there is no distinct record of the burning of St. Giles, yet an extract from the Chartulary speaks for itself. "The ravages of war" which had devastated the church and alienated its revenues are referred to under date 1368.

Froissart, the charmingly ubiquitous chronicler of the fourteenth century, is our next source of information. He tells that Scottish barons, encouraged by thirty distinguished Frenchmen, met together in St. Giles and planned an invasion of Northern England in 1384. The King of Scots wisely frowned upon this proposal, but a king's will and word were but light when a Douglas felt ambitious; so the adventurous raiders, headed "by Erle Douglas and

Erle Moref," set out to plunder and to burn on the English side of the border. For this raid Richard II. of England took full revenge and interest as well in the following year by burning the Abbeys of Melrose and Dryburgh, and by giving to the flames utterly the town of Edinburgh, of which nought was spared but Holyrood Abbey.

Wyntoun is very explicit in—

> "Of Edinburgh the kirk brint thai,
> And wald have dune swa that Abbay;
> But the Duke, for his curtasy
> Gert it that time sawfyd be."

During the recent restoration it was found that several pillars in the choir showed signs of this fire. Another relic of this time was also brought to light in the groined vaulting of the Tower base, on a boss of which is carved the arms of the Fentons of that ilk. Sir William Fenton was one of the auditors at Berwick in 1292, in connection with the Bruce and Baliol controversy, and on the Ragman's Roll of 1296 his name also appears as having sworn allegiance to Edward I. He was therefore undoubtedly a benefactor to the church that was burned in 1385.

In 1387, the Provost of the Burgh contracted to build five vaulted chapels to the south of the Nave, after the style of the Chapel of St. Stephen in Holyrood. Very minute details were referred to in the Mason's orders and instructions. They were to be "theykt with Stane" and made water-tight. So often do injunctions as to "water-tight" appear, that one learns perforce of the climate five centuries ago. It is evident that then as now the wind from the east and the Haar from the Forth bore penetrating moisture. These five chapels remained in existence until 1829, when unfortunately here, as elsewhere in Scotland, the necessity for repairs produced in the hands of a misguided architect devastating alterations and "improvements," and so the present South Aisle stands in place of two of these chapels.

Robert II., first of the Stewart kings, died in 1390, and was buried at Scone, and in connection with his funeral we have a most interesting record relative to St. Giles. So many people gathered to the Perthshire Abbey from all parts of the country, that the hospitality and resources of the Abbot and his monks were sorely taxed. The funeral was followed by the coronation of Robert III., and as the harvest was then ripe, the visitors made much too free with the crops in the fields. Tytler tells us that the new king was awakened early one morning by a medley company, led by one of the monks, and all beating drums and blowing pipes. The monk was unceremoniously dragged before the royal presence to explain the cause or occasion for the din, and thus slyly made good his opportunity, "Please your Majesty, you have just heard our rural carols in which we indulge when our crops are brought in, and as you and your nobles have spared us the trouble and expense of cutting them down this season, we thought it grateful to give you a specimen of our harvest jubilee." The King enjoyed the joke better than did his nobles, and promised to look into the matter and recompense the Abbot.

He took three years to think over his promised reward, and after this genuinely mature deliberation, he granted the Church of St. Giles to the Abbey of Scone. (Dunfermline Abbey had previous to this time claimed St. Giles.) The Bishop of St. Andrews ratified the deed of gift, but stipulated that the monks pay forty-five merks to the Vicar of St. Giles, and the sequel soon followed. The monks considered this tax such a grievance that Pope Benedict granted them the right to appoint the vicar from their own number, so that it became a case of "Peter paying Paul."

Robert III., both good and gentle, was far too weak a king to govern firmly, and his brother, the Duke of Albany, supplanted his authority. *The Fair Maid of Perth* tells the sad story of David, Duke of Rothesay, the King's eldest son, starved to death by his cruel uncle Albany and his accomplice the Douglas. It has ever been a notable fact in Church

history that the usurper who plundered, robbed, and murdered, also expiated his crimes, either by a visit to the Holy Land, or by building a Norman or Gothic chapel. Here in St. Giles we have the beautiful Albany Aisle, built to reconcile and obtain forgiveness from the Church for that cruel tragedy which ended in the dungeons of Falkland Palace. The broken-hearted King sent his son James to France for safety; he was captured *en route* by the English, and lingered a prisoner in Windsor Castle, even whilst masons were sculpturing the arms of Albany and Douglas on the pillar we now see.

Work upon the building seems to have been carried on till 1416, at which date we have a record of great interest. Storks came and built their nests on the roof. The storks as seen from the tower of Strassburg Cathedral lend such a picturesque effect to the high-peaked roofs of that city, that one longs to see them on the many gables of the High Street, in lofty isolation, safe from the street below. They remained only for one year, and "whither they flew no man knoweth." Probably they were harried and insulted as were those of quaint Rothenburg, which now cherishes a pair, returned after many years of absence—a flight and a return suggestive of a higher instinct than we would give birds credit for possessing.

James had returned from English exile, a comparative stranger to the rough and rude nobles who thwarted his every effort for good. His was a lawless time, for Albany the usurper, like Stephen of England, was powerless to curb or keep in check the men by whose sanction he nominally ruled. The fearless James exercised his authority as sovereign and paid for his courage with his life. His murder at Perth was the indirect cause of Edinburgh being recognised henceforward as the chief seat of the Court. It was therefore both meet and proper that a solemn mass should be sung for the soul of the poet-King in St. Giles, so that its echoes might resound throughout the Albany Chapel as the tragic aftermath of that earlier barbarous tragedy which had driven

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The Albany Aisle.

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him away from his father's court. Sadder even than Mary Stuart's life was that of the poet-King, and though from one point of view it may appear extraneous to the subject in hand to enlarge upon his death, yet not so from another.

There are three books which should be read. These are Scott's *Fair Maid of Perth*, Jusserand's *Romance of a King's Life*, and D. G. Rossetti's poem of *The King's Tragedy*; and the reader should then make pilgrimage to St. Giles to realise these stories, embodied in stone, within the Albany Aisle.

James' youthful son next became a prey to rival factions, and the old church appears in better light when Crichton and Livingston agreed within its walls to keep the peace and to work together for the young King's welfare. When he had grown to manhood, the Vicar of St. Giles, one Nicholas Otterburn, was sent in 1448 as the King's deputy, to find a suitable consort at the Court of France. The pious Mary of Gueldres was the chosen one, and then a later record tells of the Vicar being again sent to demand from Philip, Duke of Burgundy, the bride's promised dowry.

It was during this reign that William Preston visited France, by royal encouragement, and there obtained the arm bone of the patron Saint, which, enclosed in a fine shrine of gold and with a diamond ring on one of its fingers, soon came to be regarded as the most precious possession of the church. When Preston died, the town council built the Preston Aisle to his honoured memory, and in it was placed an embossed tomb, an altar, and a fine silver chalice, all of which have disappeared, and now we see only his coat of arms—the three unicorns' heads—carved upon the roof.

The year 1460 was one of dule and woe again. James of the Fiery Face was killed by the bursting of a cannon at the siege of Roxburgh Castle, and three years later his widowed Queen died also. The lengthening of the Choir, heightening of the roof, and addition of the clerestory windows, were accomplished about this time; and as we proceed towards the East window we shall see two pillars bearing device and

sculptured tale for our perusal. The King's pillar is easily recognisable from its four shields with royal arms—that to the east, the lion rampant within double tressure with three points, the sign for an infant prince; that to the north, the lion impaled, the sign of Queen Mary; that to the west, the King's royal shield; and that to the south, the fleur-de-lis of France, in compliment to the Queen. The second pillar bears the City arms, and those of Cranstoun, Otterburn, and Preston; whilst that showing crossletts and tressure belongs to Bishop Kennedy of St. Andrews, cousin of the murdered poet-King, and the founder of St. Salvator's College. The shield bearing cross saltire and four rosettes is that of Napier of Merchiston, the loyal champion and friend of Queen Jane, widow of James I. From these books in stone, the inference is drawn that these men, contemporaries of James II. and his Queen, aided in the extension of the Church.

In 1466–7 the parish church of Edinburgh became, by Papal sanction, the Collegiate Church of St. Giles, and Pope Paul II., in 1470, exempted it from the jurisdiction of St. Andrews, freed it from taxation, and declared it responsible directly to the Holy See, a position unique in Scottish annals.

In 1488 James III. was stabbed at Milton Mill, and masses were sung for the repose of his soul, as he had been a diligent worshipper in St. Giles.

Then in 1496 the Hammermen received the privilege of supporting the Altar of St. Elois Chapel (founded about the same time as the Albany Chapel), and before its altar they hung up the noted Blue Blanket, bearing on its folds, in Latin, this verse from the fifty-first Psalm, "In thy good pleasure build thou the Walls of Jerusalem."

Tradition associated it as the banner carried by the Scots Mechanics to the Crusades, but more probably it was the one presented by James III. to the craftsmen in 1482, so that, in case of emergency, they might rally round it for the defence of their city. We find repeated allusions to this

banner during the successive reigns. (A Blue Blanket, belonging to the Incorporated Trades of Perth, was shown in the Glasgow International Exhibition of the present year.)

James IV., he of the iron belt, never ceased to do penance for his unfilial conduct which indirectly led to his father's death. St. Giles, with many another church, received his moneys, and when, in 1503, Margaret Tudor came to Edinburgh as a bride in that most notable of all Scottish marriages, the clergy of St. Giles were most prominent in the procession which wended its way up the High Street to the Collegiate Church. The precious relic of St. Giles was presented to the King, and he, in religious enthusiasm, not only fervently kissed it, but sang aloud a glorious Te Deum, to the delight of his people.

Gavin Douglas was at this time the Provost of St. Giles, but as his story is included in that of Dunkeld, there need be no repetition of it here. As a poet and author, nought but praise can be said of him; as the Superior of St. Giles, his lax discipline and frequent absences led to many scandals. Mass and services were neglected, and the Chapter had to call him to account in 1510.

Another royal favourite was Walter Chapman, oft entrusted with the royal signet, and who has already been referred to as the founder of the chapel bearing his name. One month after its dedication to his royal patron that kingly soul had passed away on the dark field of Flodden. A trio of poems which may well be read in connection with this church's story at that woeful time, are *Marmion*, *Edinburgh after Flodden*, and *The Flowers of the Forest*. For many a day thereafter the only cry was, "Our King is dead!" without its echoing sentiment, "Long live the King!"—for Scotland knew from the bitterness of experience what it was to have an infant child as nominal king. In *Marmion* we read of the King's vision in St. Michael's Church in Linlithgow, and of the signs in the sky over Edinburgh; but another legend belongs wholly to St. Giles. Provost Gavin Douglas, unable

to sleep, had risen to pray before the altar as he had so desired others to do "for our Soveraine Lord and his army and neichbouris being thereat." The glimmering light of the Virgin's lamp served but to make the darkness more eerie, and soon—

"The boom of the mid mirk hour
Rang out with clang and main,
Clang after clang from St. Giles' tower,
Where the fretted ribs like a box-tree bower
Make a royal crown of stane.
Ere the Sight was lost—'fore mortal eye
Ne'er saw such sight, I trow.
Shimmering with light each canopy,
Pillar and ribbed arch and fretted key,
With a wild unearthly low" (flame).

Then Douglas in a trance saw a strange "kent throng"—his kin of Angus and their neighbours the Crawfords; Huntly, and Home, and Lennox, and bold Argyll; and last of all, King James himself seeking absolution. A ghostly mass was sung by Inchaffray's priest, and as Douglas groped his way out of the church he knew that Flodden was fought and lost. Very soon thereafter, for ill news flies apace, the Great Bell of St. Giles tolled for the dead and also summoned the living to the probable defence of their city. Dunbar refers to this same bell in the expression of his wish to remain within hearing of its sound—

"I came among you hier to dwell;
Fra sound of Saint Giles bell
Never think I to flie."

James V. had come to his manhood and kingdom, and though we have no definite records relative to the coming storm of the Reformation, signs of the times were not lacking, as under the widowed Queen Regent—Mary of Guise—freedom of speech against Church and Clergy became more and more popular. In 1555, John Knox visited a friend and preached so boldly and convincingly on the necessity

of "cleansing the kirk," that many of his hearers absented themselves henceforth from Mass.

A year later, the Image of the Virgin, with others, was stolen, and again that of St. Giles, so that when his Festival Day arrived, a substitute image had to be borrowed for use in the procession. Queen Mary, to show her loyalty to the Church, walked with other dignitaries in this last appearance in public of the patron Saint. We can follow it in fancy from the High Altar to the great West Door, down the High Street, through the Canongate, and homeward to Sanctuary by the Nether and the West Bow. There the Queen retired, for though the crowds seemed less reverential in bearing than heretofore, there had been no open hostility. Alas! the smouldering fire immediately broke out, the "idol" was pulled from its platform, priests and friars were jostled and jeered at, and at last "incontinently fled."

In 1559, news from Perth, where the monasteries had been suppressed, alarmed the clergy of St. Giles, and their treasures were dispersed and hidden. By Midsummer the army of the Lords of the Congregation had entered the city, and on the 29th of June John Knox preached from the pulpit of St. Giles, and then the work of clearing the relics of popery began. There was, however, a transition period between Roman Catholicism and Presbyterianism. One record, available from many, tells that "The parish churches they deliver of altars and images, and have received the service of the Church of England according to King Edward's book." The Queen Regent was still powerful enough to overcome Knox's influence and he had to flee for a time; but in August of that same eventful year, his friend Willock "administered the sacrament in St. Giles according to the Protestant form." These were troublous times, in which reverence and decorum appear conspicuous by their absence. Though the Reformers succeeded in keeping the upper hand in the precincts of St. Giles, they were not supreme, for we read that the Queen's French soldiers strolled in and out during service, ridiculed and

made audible comments during Mr. Willock's prayers, and also loudly interrupted his discourses. On the arrival of the Bishop of Amiens in September, Mass was again heard after the purification of the building had been accomplished with great ceremony. This state of things lasted for five months only, however; on the 31st of March, 1560, the last Mass was heard in St. Giles—then exit Roman Catholicism finally.

John Knox returned immediately and was appointed minister, and after a public thanksgiving service in July, a scheme for the government of the Reformed Church was discussed. King Edward's Prayer Book gave place to the Book of Common Order, and extempore prayers were also encouraged. (In a glass case, near the Western Doorway, we may now see the various books of service which have been used in St. Giles at different periods.) No need here to enlarge upon the controversies between Mary Queen of Scots and John Knox, as lack of space forbids us to deal with events not directly connected with St. Giles.

A great occasion was that of the marriage of the Regent Moray to the Lady Agnes Keith, daughter of the Earl Marischal, a brave show which might vie with the most fashionably aristocratic wedding of our time. John Knox availed himself well of his opportunity, and addressed the bridegroom very emphatically as to his duty towards the Protestant cause in a discourse to which Queen Mary and many of her courtiers could not have listened with appreciative ears.

In July 1565, Darnley and the Queen were "proclaimed" in St. Giles, and a fortnight after their marriage, Darnley appeared in the royal pew. Were King Edward VII., in similar circumstances, treated to such tirade—decidedly personal and almost abusive—as was meted out to Darnley on this occasion, John Knox would have found himself on Monday morning the best despised man in the kingdom, and the public press of the country vehement in its denunciations of his peculiar interpretation of the term

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The Nave.

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"free speech." We can hardly blame even weak Darnley for never appearing again in St. Giles. When the child, afterwards King James VI., was born, "the lords and people came to the great kirk of Edinburgh to give thanks to God and to pray for great gifts and grace to him," and that "he might be endowed with the fear of the Lord." Then after Darnley's murder the doors of St. Giles were marked with the accusation against Earl Bothwell as his murderer, and again Earl Bothwell placed over the same his denial of knowledge thereof.

Another proclamation of royal marriage was made in 1567, and we can honour the protest from the pulpit that followed this announcement of Bothwell and Mary.

Then came, in 1570, that saddest sequence to the Regent's fine wedding, his funeral in the same kirk, where his memory is perpetuated in the Moray Aisle and on the brass tablet with its classic inscription by George Buchanan :

"To James Stewart, Earl of Moray, Regent of Scotland, a man by far the noblest of his time, barbarously slain by enemies, the vilest in history; his country mourning has raised this monument as to a common father."

John Knox's grief was sincere, and his friend's death hastened his own, for in 1572, he appeared again a feeble old man, with quavering voice, who blessed his devoted hearers and went home to die.

James VI. was the next royal hearer, and at his public entry into Edinburgh we find him in St. Giles. With greater authority than his father, he could argue back, and soon such free speech was interdicted, the King declared "supreme in all causes," and persons and Bishops preferred to rule in Church. Then, in 1586, we have a scene between preacher and King, the former as denouncer of Bishops, the latter rising in his pew to rebuke the minister and dispute with him. When, as was most natural, James desired prayers to be said for his royal mother, then condemned by Queen Elizabeth, his request was refused, and on the King's ordering the Bishop of St. Andrews to appear in the pulpit,

the congregation shouted in defiance and departed. Sturdy, arrogant fighters were these early Protestant fathers, fearing neither King nor commoner, to whom *lesé majesté*, as we interpret it, was utterly unknown.

St. Giles looked gay, in a glory of thirty shillings' worth of flowers in 1590, when Anne of Denmark came as royal bride to church, and in his new found happiness the Scottish Solomon dropped for a time his end of the struggle. Personal invective can never make converts to a cause, and James began to hate Presbyterianism because of its exponents. A lull again came when a baby prince was born; but in December 1596, a false alarm was raised as to the King's safety, a panic ensued, and James, thoroughly frightened, reached Holyrood and then retired to Linlithgow. A few days later, he returned to a rejoicing city and penitent people, and the ministers were banished.

In 1598, a total eclipse of the sun produced such darkness and terror, that soon the church was crowded to the door by men and women sure that the last day had come.

A greater occasion followed in 1603, when the King and Court came to say farewell to the people, and after the sermon, the King promised to visit his native land every three years, declaring to all that there would be no difference for him between London and Edinburgh.

Six years later, the Bishops were given the right to preach in churches, and when, in 1617, James returned for his first visit, it was a bishop who welcomed him to St. Giles. Then arose continuous controversy over the point of kneeling at the Communion service; King James was as obstinate as his opponents, and in 1625 he died—or as piously recorded, "The Lord removed him out of the way."

For many years the building had been divided up for three congregations, and it was the Great Kirk that King Charles attended in 1633. In September of that year, the Diocese of Edinburgh was created, with St. Giles as its Cathedral Church. Its partition walls were ordered to be taken down, and a year later the Great and Little Kirk were

one, but under plea of "no money" for repairs the wall, shutting off the Tolbooth, was left untouched.

Forbes, the first Bishop, was a man of gentle, even saintly, character, and his death, in 1635, was deeply regretted.

Then King Charles, determined that his Service Book should be used daily, provoked a storm through the medium of the notorious Jenny Geddes. The tumult which followed has become historic, and from smallest cause followed greatest result—exit Episcopacy.

After the battle of Dunbar, Cromwell and his independents ruled in St. Giles, and then "great numbers of that damnable sect the Quakers" were also seen in congregation. The more we read of this period of struggle between Episcopalians, Covenanters, Independents, and "damnable sects," the more one feels saddened that such things were said and done under guise of religious zeal. Better far is the charity that produces extreme tolerance.

The King had come to his own again in 1660, the Bishops returned also, and one year later Montrose's funeral was one of the great occasions of St. Giles. Christmas Day was joyfully kept; the Covenanters were persecuted; and in 1682 Argyll was executed and his head placed on a spike on the East gable.

In 1685 James VII. succeeded Charles, and toleration for Roman Catholic produced the same for Presbyterian—again a sturdy fighter in thanking the King with a rider—"that he would rather want toleration than let Papists have it too." The struggle between Episcopacy and Presbyterianism was renewed, each reviling the other; and to the execration of "damnable sects" was now added a fear of witchcraft. When King William's Commissioner sat in St. Giles, a black cat appeared and walked across his cushion, and every one said it was Lady Stair, well known to be a wicked witch. (When we read *The Bride of Lammermoor*, let us recall that this lady was the original of Lucy Ashton's mother.) A solemn religious service next commemorated the Union of the Parliaments in 1707; Whitfield preached

on the occasion of his visit to Edinburgh ; and in 1736 occurred that stirring scene of the escape of Robertson and the consequent Porteous Riots, so graphically told in *The Heart of Midlothian*.

Then came a notable and silent Sunday for St. Giles. Bonnie Prince Charlie presided at Holyrood, and the ministers, not so boldly defiant as were their predecessors, on this occasion found discretion to be the better part of valour, and so stayed at home. For who was King? Charles or George? Culloden settled that point, and the bells of St. Giles made merry for King George.

From that day until the so-called restoration of 1829, all regard for the ancient building was lacking. Dirt, disorder, everything opposed to one's sense of decency prevailed until Dr. Chambers took up his herculean task, now so beautifully completed that one must dive into minute details in order to comprehend the perfection of his work which ended only with his life.

After such record, who would deny to St. Giles its place and precedence in the History of Scottish Churches?

KIRKWALL

ST. MAGNUS. KALI OR EARL ROGNVALD.
1137 A.D.

"Ye holy walls that still sublime
Resist the crumbling touch of time,
How strongly still your form displays
The piety of ancient days."

THE story of Kirkwall, the Church on the Bay—and of Magnus, Earl and Saint, to whose honoured memory that church was built by his irate yet grateful kinsman—belongs in reality more to secular than to ecclesiastic history. The layman rather than the churchman predominates therein, just as in our own day the layman's enthusiasm makes the living Church. For as we gaze on this, "the most majestic Romanesque church in Scotland," knowing its story, we shall unconsciously realise that life was as real as earnest to our forefathers, the Northmen, as to ourselves. If fighting and feeding be popularly attributed as their highest ambitions, we, their descendants, have not eliminated such carnal desires but rather find them accentuated problems for the millions in our lower social orders.

The saints of past centuries have become, under Protestant tuition, more or less ethereal beings in our estimation ; but standing here, we must feel that Magnus was a man, full of human passions as well as of human ideals—a muscular

Christian would be our modern term for him. In the story of his life we shall find nothing beyond credence, nothing wildly improbable, rather commonplaceness serving as distinctly refreshing interlude in ecclesiological record. To be commonplace is to be human, with frailties and weaknesses; a love of life no less than a fearlessness of death, jealousy, bickerings, popularity, enthusiasm, all these were in Magnus, as they are in every good soldier of the King, the Country, and the Church. So, if in one word we were required to sum up what has been as keystone to the production of this building, we find it in that one of myriad-meaning —Life.

There is an enthusiasm, expressed by those who are competent to judge of the architectural beauty and order of St. Magnus's Church, that is distinctly inspiring. Peterkin says: "It is one of the two Cathedral Churches in Scotland, remaining entire, and is, therefore, a national monument, interesting from its antiquity, its beauty, and the rarity of such relics in this part of the empire." That strong phrase, "a national monument," deserves our attention; ignorance of one's national monuments is criminal in these days of popular education. Near to the Church stand the ruins of the palaces of the earls and bishops; and if we would know clearly of Magnus the Saint, we must first learn of Magnus the Earl and his predecessors, the Norwegian Earls in the Orkneys.

Since the Reformation, this Church has been under the jurisdiction of the Protestant Church of Scotland, as successor to the disestablished Latin Church; but not until 1472 did the Archbishop of Drontheim, in Norway, lose his superiority; and most interesting, as well as at first confusing, shall we find the story of the Bishops from Norway with their rivals (in name only) consecrated at York under Canterbury; then of the Bishops of Caithness under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of St. Andrews. Magnus, without the Earls; the Earls, without the Bishops; the Earls and Bishops, without the Kings of Norway and Scotland, is

each insufficient as subject; so as briefly as possible we shall unite their stories, and then approach the Church a second time with clearer-seeing eye, with keener sense of appreciation in its beauty.

The Orcadians are not Scots, for the islands only became Crown property as part of the dowry of Margaret of Norway, most pious Queen of James III. (she it is who most fittingly supplies the subject for the story of Sir Patrick Spens' expedition). But these islands were given in lieu of money dowry to be held under redemption bond, and we must admit that in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries claims for said redemption, though ratified by successive kings, were refused hearing in Scottish courts. With this preamble we must now begin at the beginning.

The Roman historian Pomponius Mela, in 45 A.D., refers to the belief that Britain was an island, and that certain islands, the Orcades, lay to the north of it. Then, after the battle of Mons Grampus, Agricola directed his fleet to sail round the coast, and in course thereof "they took possession of Orcades in name of the Roman Empire," and a peak to the north, they concluded, might be the mysterious and unvisited *Thule*. We find our next Roman reference in the poet Claudian's praise of Constantine and his deeds, when he tells us that the Saxons had formed their headquarters in Orcades. But the many Celtic relics—crosses with and without Ogham inscriptions, standing stones, Pictish houses, Round Towers, &c.—prove incontestably that Pictish and Celtic influence prevailed therein for centuries. We have every reason to believe that St. Brendan touched at the Orcades in his famous voyage. When we examine the native records, we find Nennius, in his *Historia Britonum* of date 858 A.D., speaks of the Picts in possession of the Orkneys then; and that four hundred years previous, the Saxon chiefs Octlitha and Ebissa, who came over with "forty keels" in 449 A.D., laid waste the islands and seized many regions beyond the Frisic Sea (Firth of Forth). In Adamnan's *Life of St. Columba*, we read of the Saint's

memorable visit to Brude, King of the Northern Picts, at his stronghold on the river Ness, and the Saint's request that Brude should use his influence on behalf of Cormac and his missionaries, then on their way to Orkney (as Brude held Orcadian hostages in his power, and as one of the reguli of the Orkneys was also at his Court, Cormac was spared from a violent death). In the annals of Ulster, under date 580 A.D., Aedan, son of Gabran, seventh king of the Dalriad Scots, made expedition against Orkney. For a century there is silence; and then, under date 682 A.D., another Brude, of the Picts, raided the islands and evidently regained their allegiance to Northern Pictland.

The Irish monk Dicuil, in his treatise *De mensura Orbis terrarum*, about date 825 A.D., gives most interesting and detailed particulars of Thule (Iceland) and other groups of islands, at varying distances from the Pictish coast. Then, in the Norwegian account of the settlement of Iceland, they found Irishmen—"Papas"—who left Irish books, bells, and crosiers. So, from three independent sources, we prove that the Christian faith was taught in these islands before the arrival of the Norwegians, and to this day, "Papa" as a topographical name proclaims its Christian origin, such as Papa Westray, Papa Stronsay, Papa Stour, and many more. In Irish records, we shall find the name *Ostmen* applied to Scandinavians; and in Scandinavian records, the Irish are called *Westmen*.

Earl Magnus, who was canonised, was a Norwegian Christian, yet none the less we find that Olaf Tryggveson was baptised by an Irish Abbot of a celebrated abbey on the Skellig Islands, and that during his long residence with his brother-in-law, King Olaf Kvaran in Dublin, he determined to Christianise Norway. One of Norway's saints is the Irish Princess Sunneva, buried in Christ Church, Bergen; and in Iceland we find a church to Saint Columba, and a fiord named St. Patrick, all clearly proving the Celtic origin of Orcadian Christianity. Its second introduction by Olaf in 997 A.D. was summary, reminding one of

Mohammed's methods, and recalling, too, the lines from *Piers Plowman*—

> "And there shall come a King
> And confess you religious
> And beat you, as the Bible teacheth."

Earl Sigurd the Stout was a pagan and an enemy of Malcolm II. of Scotland. As Sigurd lay under the Isle of Hoy, with one ship, King Olaf seized him unawares and in his new zeal offered one alternative or death. He must be baptised as a Christian immediately, take oath to become Olaf's man, and afterwards proclaim Christianity over the Orkneys. As hostage for the observance of this treaty, Olaf carried off to Norway Sigurd's son Hundi and in exile Hundi died.

And now, as we touch closely at this point on contemporary events in Scotland, a brief sketch of the Earls of Orkney is necessary, and how as Norwegians they came there. In Anglo-Saxon Chronicle under date 787 A.D., we read of the first three ships of Northmen from Haeretha-Land (Norway). The Irish and Welsh Chronicles tell of their arrival in Ireland in 795 A.D.; in the Hebrides and Isle of Man, 798 A.D.; of ravages on Iona, 802 and 806 A.D., at which date sixty-eight of the family were slain. A few years later, Armagh became the capital of the Norsemen in Ireland; and in 852 A.D. Olaf the White conquered Dublin. All these various Viking expeditions had made the Orkney and Shetland Islands their rendezvous whence they swept the coasts at will. Meanwhile, Harold Harfagri had made himself master of Norway in 872 A.D.; and the many Odallers (freeholders), from whom he took their lands, fled as malcontents to the Orcades, now to become another centre of retaliating raiders on the coasts and settlements of Norway. This enraged Harold, who, gathering a "mighty fleet," cleared the islands, then sweeping down through the Hebrides to Man claimed the whole chain as part of his kingdom. The Southern Islands were then called Sudreys,

and to this day the English Bishopric of Sodor and Man tells its own tale of former Norwegian dominion. Sutherland the county, and as natural sequence Sutherland the surname, have similar origin. In this foray Ivar, son of Rognvald, was slain, and in the Island of Sanday we still see "Ivar's Knowe," which may be his burial cairn. As recompense for the death of his son, according to early law, Harold conferred the lands and title of Earl of the Orkneys on Rognvald, who, however, soon preferred his home in Norway, and so made over his new possession and title to his brother Sigurd, the first Earl to figure prominently in the *Orkney-inga* Saga.

Sigurd found an ally in Thorstein, son of King Olaf of Dublin, and they, crossing the Pentland Firth, seized Caithness and Sutherland and ravaged Ross and Moray. In Cyder Hall, near Dornoch, we have modern transposition of Sigurd's How or grave, for as William the Conquerer died from the effects of a trivial accident, so did fierce Earl Sigurd. The projecting tooth from a Scot's decapitated head grazed his leg as it swung at his saddle bow, the wound inflamed, and Sigurd never again saw the Orkneys. Thorstein, his ally and successful ravager, made peace with the King of Scots "and obtained possession of the half of Scotland." Then Thorstein was slain by treachery. When Rognvald heard of his brother Sigurd's death, he again received from King Harald the Orkneys for his son Hallad, who, as his father did before, quickly returned to Norway. Then Einar, a brother, took his place, and connected with his name we read of one of those terrible acts of reparation and personal torture which only Christianity can expel from men's actions. King Harald's cruel sons had surrounded and burned Earl Rognvald and sixty of his men in his own house, and then sailed west to exterminate Einar and his men. But Einar was on the alert; he captured Halfdan, the chief delinquent, and "cut a blood-eagle on his back." (This was done by hewing the ribs from the backbone and tearing out the heart and lungs.) Sixty marks in gold was

demanded of Einar by King Harald for this offence, and the Odallers pledged their lands to Einar as equivalent for their share of the fine.

Einar's son Thorfinn married the granddaughter of Thorstein, and so the earldoms of Orkney and Caithness became united. Cruelty and bloodshed marked the successive Earls until Sigurd the Stout, great grandson of Einar, comes to his earldom and demands our notice. As before said, he was pagan until violently converted by Olaf; he was also inveterate enemy of Malcolm II. of Scotland; and though the Scots numbered as seven to one against his followers, he restored to his men their odal lands taken by Einar; they fought like "wild cats," and the Scots were driven back. (This is important record for us who think of wealth under the medium of stocks, shares, and bonds. To our Saxon forefathers, "land was the only wealth, its ownership the sole foundation of power, privilege or dignity." Many an inheritor of these ancient acres is now spoken of commiseratingly as "land-poor.") Reconciliation followed, and Sigurd married as second wife a daughter of King Malcolm, an elder sister of the wife of Crinan, Abbot of Dunkeld (the son of exiled Hundi), whose son was the "Gentle Duncan." So the intertwining links of the historical chain of facts are of the Church as well as of the Earldom and the Throne. This Earl Sigurd has very interesting personality for us. He was certainly a convert in name, though not in heart, for his faith in his raven banner, "woven with mighty spells" by his Irish mother, was still firm. Twenty years afterwards, he died in the great battle of Clontarf, 1014, fighting against the Christian Brian Boru. It was at Clontarf that "the old and new faiths met in the lists face to face for their last struggle," and Convert Sigurd shared the fate of the Pagans. He was slain by Brian's son as he held up his own banner. Its destiny was thus fulfilled, for the predicted spell woven therein was "Victory for those behind it, death to the bearer." Twice had it been dropped by dead hand; Sigurd called in vain for a

bearer, then saying, "'Tis fittest that the beggar should bear the bag," he picked it up and met his fate bravely. The weaving of the woof of war was sung over his death in Caithness and the North by the twelve weird sisters.

"The woof y-woven
With entrails of men,
The warp hard-weighted
With heads of the slain."

Alas! that such still remains, though silent, the song of Christian warfare. When, in our modern love for Wagner's music, we hear *Valkyrie*, we seldom realise that in Scottish annals we can find such pagan requiem over him whose grandson Duncan had Saint Margaret for his stepmother. Its weird sisters and singers make us the better realise the Witches—weird women—in the *Macbeth* tragedy.

Thorfinn, his boy of five years old, was now backed by his grandfather King Malcolm, but his three half-brothers fought for their rights, and when Duncan succeeded Malcolm, he demanded tribute from his cousin Thorfinn for his earldom of Caithness. Thorfinn refused, retaliated, and ravaged Scotland "as far south as Fife." We again recall Shakespere's *Macbeth*, who drove back the "fierce Norweyans" and earned Duncan's gratitude. Thorfinn had inherited his father Sigurd's personal bravery. His exploits were many, and one particularly deserves notice, as illustrative of ancient laws of hospitality. King Magnus of Norway was his avowed enemy; Thorfinn, wrapped in a white cloak, rowed up to the King's ship, climbed to the quarterdeck where Magnus sat at meat, seized a loaf, broke and ate it. The King handed a cup of wine to the stranger, and then learned too late that he was Earl Thorfinn, who had thus earned temporary respite from royal vengeance. The leaven of Christian faith was, however, working within him; he left Norway, passed through Denmark, thence through Germany, and reached Rome, seeking absolution for his many sins and murders. Macbeth did likewise; how interesting for us had some Chronicler of

riotous imagination told of their meeting on the banks of Father Tiber. Many of our "well-established errors" have slighter basis of truth. Thorfinn the Reformed returned, ruled his people well, built Christ's Church in Birsay, and established there the first Bishop's See in the Orkneys. A Norwegian reintroduction of Christianity in one sense, but we must claim even it as half Celtic. His mother was Celt, his grandfather and supporter Celt, his uncle by marriage Abbot Crinan of the Celtic Church, and the Irish Celts had converted Olaf who made his father Sigurd a Convert perforce. Before saying farewell to Earl Thorfinn, we find that his widow Ingibiorg afterwards married Malcolm III., the son of his gentle cousin Duncan, and their son, another Duncan, was rightful heir and no bastard half-brother to David and the other church-building sons of Queen Margaret, as is so often popularly asserted.

Now we link the story further afield. Thorfin's sons, Paul and Erlend, were present at the battle of Stamford Bridge, when Harold Harefoot (afterwards killed at Hastings) defeated King Harald of Norway. They returned therefrom to Orkney and ruled the islands in peace till their sons, Hakon and Magnus, grown to manhood, brought in discord. Hakon, the son of Paul, had pagan sympathies; he consulted a spae-man in Sweden as to the future (we still use the term spae-wife for a fortune-teller in Scotland), thus proving hereditary tendencies from Sigurd "to the third and fourth generations," and he induced King Magnus to invade Scotland. Malcolm Caenmore and Margaret were both dead, and Donald Bane (who fled with Malcolm from Macbeth) had become the proverbial "wicked uncle" to Malcolm's sons. Duncan, the so-called bastard, and Margaret's sons were all claimants for the throne, and King Magnus Barefoot supported Donald Bane after Duncan's death in 1095. He very summarily ended the disputes of the brother Earls, Paul and Erlend, by carrying off both and placing his son Sigurd in their stead.

From Church records we learn the new story of Hakon and Magnus, the cousins at discord. From the *Scala Cronica* we know that Earl Paul had sent to Lanfranc of Canterbury "a cleric whom he wished to be consecrated as Bishop"; but in Lanfranc's letter to the Bishops of Worcester and Chester, ordering them to proceed to York and consecrate this nameless cleric, we find no clue to his identity, though in another record, Ralph, Bishop of Orkney, is named. Then Anselm, Lanfranc's successor, wrote to Earl Hakon "exhorting him and his people to obey the Bishop whom now by the grace of God they had." So we learn therefrom that Anselm, as well as the "spae-man," had sway over Hakon's mind. In after years his conduct proved that "worship the devil that he may do you no harm" was as valuable in his sight as any text from Scripture.

Earl Magnus, his cousin, meanwhile had become a man of peace and an earnest Christian. When King Magnus sent his father Erlend to Norway, he planned his great expedition (proposed by Hakon) against the Western Islands. The *Saga* tells us that he took Hakon and Magnus with him. He ravaged Lewis, Skye, Uist, Tiree, and Mull, but spared Iona on account of the sanctity of St. Oran's Chapel —as told in the story of Iona—Islay and Kintyre followed in line; then the Isle of Man; and in Bretland (Wales) he fought a great battle in Anglesęa Sound with the Earls of Chester and Shrewsbury. When the men prepared for fight, Magnus (young Earl) would not take up arms. In reply to the furious King's question as to his refusal he said, "Here is no man who has done me wrong." So he was ordered to "Go down below, and do not lie among other people's feet if you dare not fight, for I do not believe that you do this from religious motives." Magnus took a psalter and sang during the battle, and did not shelter himself. But when all was over and the Norwegian king victorious he vented his serious displeasure on Magnus the Christian, who served as a waiter at his table. During the

night Magnus stole away to the woods and when morning came he could not be found. He made his way to "Malcolm, King of Scots, at Dunfermline" (though dates prove it must have been to King Edgar's Court he went). He also went for a year to the Court of Henry Beauclerc where "good Queen Maud" ruled, and then to a bishop's house in Brentland, and returned not to Orkney so long as King Magnus lived.

On return from this famed expedition, King Magnus ordered his boat to be dragged across Kintyre (at Tarbert), he himself holding the helm, and thus gained possession. At last the "terrible king" died in a skirmish with the Irish in Ulster in 1103, and was buried in St. Patrick's Church in Down. His son Sigurd succeeded to the throne of Norway and we have Earl Hakon in the Orkneys again.

Now we shall turn to the *Saga* for the story of Earl Magnus, who several years afterwards came from Scotland and wished to take possession of his patrimony. The Bændr (Odals) were very pleased; not so Hakon, and not until the King of Norway permitted would Hakon give up Magnus's share. "The holy Magnus was a most excellent man. He was of large stature, a man of a noble presence and intellectual countenance. He was of blameless life, victorious in battle, wise, eloquent, strong-minded, liberal, and magnanimous, sagacious in counsels, and more beloved than any other man. To wise and good he was gentle and affable in conversation, but severe and unsparing with robbers and vikings. Many of those who plundered the landowners and the inhabitants of the land he caused to be put to death. He also seized murderers and thieves, and punished rich and poor impartially for robberies and thefts of all kinds. He was just in his judgments and had more respect to Divine justice than difference in the estates of men. He gave large presents to chiefs and rich men, yet the greatest share of his liberality was given to the poor. In all things he strictly obeyed the Divine commands, and he chastened his body in many things which in his glorious

life were known to God but hidden from men." Enough, surely, to raise him in our day to be as a king amongst men, but at a time when "might was right" we can realise that "to punish rich and poor impartially" was also sure method of making enemies, and the natural result is given in the next story of the *Saga:* "Hakon was very jealous of the popularity and greatness of his kinsman Magnus," and ever at his elbow were evil counsellors to fan his flame into fierce hate. Angry words passed between the cousins, then warriors were called into the field, but Lent ever brings with its season goodwill and desire for peace.

Treachery was but sleeping, however, for Earl Hakon "with hypocrisy and fair words" invited Earl Magnus to confirm their friendship in Pasch week at Egilsey Church. Each one was to take two ships and an equal number of men. Easter was gloriously kept, then Magnus set out for Egilsey. The water was smooth, and yet as they rowed across, a breaker out of the deep calm water almost swamped their boat. Great surprise was expressed by his men, but Earl Magnus accepted it as a sign of coming death.

Meanwhile, Hakon had gathered all his men in eight ships, and announced to them that this meeting was to decide whether Magnus or he should be sole ruler. When Magnus saw him coming he realised the treachery, but calmly entered the little church to pray, answering his men's offers of defence thus: "I will not put your lives in danger for mine. . . . Let it be as God wills." Then when he met Hakon he offered three alternatives: First, "that he should sail away to Rome, Jerusalem, and the Holy Places, there to pray for the souls of both, never again to return to Orkney." "No," was the prompt rejoinder. "My life is in your hands, send me to Scotland to mutual friends; keep me in custody there unable to escape." Again refusal met his request. "There is yet one more offer which I will make, and God knows that I think more

of your soul than of my own life, for it were better that you should do as I shall offer you than that you should take my life. Let me be maimed as you like or deprived of my eyes, and throw me into a dark dungeon." To this Hakon agreed. But the chiefs said, "One of you we will kill; you shall not both rule the Orkneys." "Slay him, then," quickly said Hakon, "for I will rather have earldom and lands than instant death." So on the 16th of April, 1115, the tragedy of Cain and Abel again took place between these cousins and blood brothers.

The story of Magnus's death as told by Joseph Robertson is so beautiful that it is given in his words: "Magnus had prepared himself for his fate with Christian humility, by vigil and fervent prayer, by contrite tears and by devout reception of the Eucharist. Yet some feeling of the warrior's pride appears to have survived to mingle with his latest thoughts. 'Stand before me,' he said to his executioner, and 'strike with your might that your sword may cleave my brain. It were unseemly that an Earl should be beheaded like a thief.'"

His failings were forgotten in the emotion created by his death; his many virtues were intensified and the fragrance of his memory grew ever sweeter and sweeter. So passed this human son of Erlend into saintship and the reverent memories of men.

When we speak of this period as the dark ages, let us also think of Margaret and Magnus, bright stars redeeming its grossness. Margaret, ideal wife, mother, queen, a woman of ability and intellect; Magnus, capable, manly, self-sacrificing—a true hero of men. Not until the murdered Earl's mother besought Hakon with tears did he grant permission for the body to be buried. Then it was taken to Christ's Church in Birsay, built by Earl Thorfinn, their grandfather. Then we read of heavenly light around the grave; of a sweet smell which healed leprosy and other diseases; of pilgrims and sufferers flocking thereto; also that the evil advisers of Hakon all died miserable deaths.

Hakon then went to Rome, to Jerusalem for sacred relics, and to bathe in the Jordan ; and on his return ruled well, gave better laws for the land, and died a popular man. He left two sons ; one was accidentally poisoned, recalling the story of Hercules' shirt, and Paul was left as sole ruler. Then a claimant arose in Kali, the son of a sister of Earl Magnus. He earned the King of Norway's permission to fight for his uncle's share of the islands, and vowed by that uncle and saint that, should he succeed, he would build and endow a "stone minster" at Kirkwall dedicated to St. Magnus, to whom the half of the earldom rightly belonged." Bishop William assisted him, Earl Paul and Kali shared the islands, and soon afterwards Paul was carried off a prisoner by Swein the Viking and handed over to the custody of the Earl of Athole, his brother-in-law. He never returned to Orkney, but his nephew and sister's son took his lands, and thus we again link Dunkeld and Kirkwall Cathedrals in their early history. Kali's name was changed to Rognvald, as being more lucky, and so under the title of Earl Rognvald shall we greet him henceforth as founder of St. Magnus's Church, which most truly, as Worsaae, the Danish writer, says, "is incontestably the most glorious monument of the time of the Norwegian dominion to be found in Scotland." Rognvald was a man of strong action as well as of fair words. In 1136, he gained his uncle's earldom ; in 1137, masons' chisels resounded throughout the little town under the superintendence of Kol, the Earl's father. Busier and ever busier grew this hum of industry, and never did it cease till the Earl's purse was empty. By the advice of Kol, Jarl Rognvald summoned the Thing (Parliament) and offered to readjust the land laws. Hitherto, on the death of an Odal, his lands fell to the Earl and had to be redeemed again by the children. Rognvald now proposed to accept a mark for every ploughland (acre) so that the erection of the church might go on.

Sir Henry Dryden, our best authority, says : "The church, as designed and partly built in the time of Kol, was of the

same width as at present, but possibly one bay shorter at the west end. There can be little doubt that the choir terminated in an apse, which began about half-way along the great piers, in front of the subsequent altar-steps, and extended as far as the line of those steps. The builders, having laid out the whole church, carried up the choir and its two aisles and the transepts to the eaves, and built the piers of the central tower. Though I spent eighteen weeks at the Cathedral, and have thought over the thing many times, I cannot make out the history of the building to my own satisfaction. There is no doubt that there is a great deal of copying in it (of building at one time in the style of another)." Anderson, editor of the *Saga*, adds : " The chief interest of the structure lies in the fact that it was built by a Norwegian Earl, and designed and superintended by the Norwegian Kol, who had the principal oversight of the whole work. It is significant of their community of origin that the oldest portions of St. Magnus show traces of the same peculiarities of style which are found in the nearly contemporary but somewhat older Norman churches in Normandy, the home of the Christian descendants of the Vikings who followed Hrolf the Ganger, son of Rognvald, Earl of Moeri (that first Rognvald who received the islands from Harald Harfagri). Sir Henry Dryden recognises the following styles in the building—1137 to 1160, 1160 to 1200, 1200 to 1250, 1250 to 1350, 1450 to 1500."

The Cathedral was erected as a shrine, but unlike the story of Margaret in Dunfermline, we have no record of the actual interment of Magnus therein. The *Saga* states that his relics were exhumed by Bishop William, twenty years after Magnus's death, and placed in Christ's Kirk ; then we have the story of a dreamer who insisted that Magnus appeared and demanded to be taken east to Kirkwall, but Bishop William feared Earl Paul's anger thereat. In spite of the same, however, they were moved to Kirkwall and placed on the altar of the church that was there. This must have been St. Olaf's Church, seeing that the Cathedral was

the result of a vow against Earl Paul, and he had not yet been carried off to Athole. Now we know that St. Olaf was venerated in England and Scotland as well as on the Continent. St. Ola is now the name of the rural district. The present church of St. Olaf—if church we may still call that which has been so mutable in fortune—may stand upon the site of that earlier temporary sanctuary for Magnus's bones.

In 1152, Earl Rognvald and Bishop William, after a solemn Thing-meeting, sailed away for Jerusalem and to bathe in the Jordan; they returned by Constantinople, Durazzo, Apulia, Rome, thence overland to Norway, and home after an absence of three years. In 1158, Rognvald was slain, and was buried in his own Cathedral. In 1154, Pope Anastasius recognised Bishop William as one of the suffragans of the newly erected Metropolitan See of Trondheim, and ten years after Rognvald, William the Old, Bishop for sixty-six years, died and was buried in his Cathedral. In 1848, when repairs were being done, "his bones were found enclosed in a stone cist thirty inches long and fifteen inches wide, with a bone object, like the handle of a staff, and a leaden plate inscribed in characters apparently of the thirteenth century: 'Hic requiescit Williamus Senex, felicis memoriae, primus Episcopus.'" From their position in the choir, the presumption is natural that they had been moved from their original resting place. The cist and bones disappeared in 1856, but the plate and bone handle (?) may be seen in the Antiquarian Museum in Edinburgh.

The next interment of note was that of King Hakon or Haco, who, in the reign of Alexander III., was defeated in the Battle of Largs, in 1263. As in the case of the Spanish Armada, the elements of the deep conspired against him, and the Scots finished the disaster. We recall the story of the wraithes of Queen Margaret and her descendants rising from Dunfermline Abbey to fight for their country. After this battle, Scotland agreed to pay tribute of 100 marks annually to Norway for the Western Isles and Man, and henceforth they are included in Scottish jurisdiction. Broken in health

and spirits—one dare not apply the popular term "broken-hearted" to a Viking King—Hakon reached the Orkneys, and Bishop Henry, who had accompanied him on the expedition, took him home to his palace, where he died. He was buried in the Cathedral, but his body was afterwards removed to Bergen.

Peace was established between the countries, and Margaret, daughter of Alexander III.—"Tamer of the Ravens"—married Eric, the "priest-hater" king of Norway. After King Alexander's tragic death, his seven years old granddaughter, another Margaret, "the Maid of Norway" so prominent in Scotland's then distracted condition, died here of "sea-sickness" on her way to be a Queen. Tradition says she was buried here, and Worsaae upholds this belief, which, however, has no definite authority to support it. On the contrary we can prove that she was buried beside her mother in Christ's Church, Bergen. A claimant appeared in 1300 in Bergen and excited the Court by her story that she was Princess Margaret, and of course she gained a credible following. Impostors ever did and ever will do. Munch, in writing of this false Margaret, says of our little Princess: "Though the King's daughter Margaret had died in the presence of some of the best men of Norway, though her corpse had been brought back by the Bishop and Herr Thore Hakonson to King Eirik, who himself had laid it in the open grave, satisfied himself of the identity of his daughter's remains, and placed them in the Christ's Kirk, by the side of her mother's," &c.

Just as the royal tombs of Dunfermline disappeared, so too did they in Kirkwall. "The Cathedral naturally received the dust of most of the Norwegian jarls, bishops, and other mighty men so long as the Norwegian dynasty lasted, but for their monuments we now seek in vain." Rebuilding and alterations have affected the interior which is still so strikingly impressive. This most majestic of all the Romanesque churches of Scotland has a fine Nave of eight bays and a Choir (screened off as Parish Church) of six bays. "The

long perspective of the great round pillars and arches on each side of the nave, surmounted by the round arched triforium and clerestory of the lofty roof covered with simple vaulting, give an impression of size and height which is larger than is borne out by after measurement. The Nave is only 111 feet, and the Choir 85 feet 6 inches in length, and like the nave, is vaulted with triforium, clerestory, and side aisles. The side walls are arcaded with interlacing Norman arches." The Transepts, 90 feet in length by 17 feet in width, impress one by their height, though unvaulted; and in place of aisles, an Eastern Chapel is attached both in North and South. The great East Window, the gift of Bishop Stewart in the reign of James IV., fills up all available space. It is over 37 feet high and 16 feet 6 inches wide. Sir Henry Dryden considers the great rose light which expands over arches and mullions as "quite peculiar and unique." It casts even the famed rose window of Carlisle Cathedral into shade, and a second is seen in the South Transept. The three western doorways are certainly unequalled in England, owing to the effective alternation of red and yellow sandstone, producing a Moorish effect in softer colouring and very much finer than the work in Worcester and Bristol. In the interior of nave and choir, the use of building stone in various shades of colour indicates the different styles and periods of erection and reconstruction.

The Tower has undergone considerable changes, as lightning destroyed its wooden spire in 1671 "to the great astonishment and terrification of all the beholders." Its large pointed windows evidently belong to the fifteenth century. This tower has four fine bells, three of which were the gift of Bishop Maxwell during the reign of James V. The great bell, three and a half feet in diameter (less half an inch) and two and three-quarter feet high, shows on a shield this Bishop's coat of arms and the following inscription: "Made by Master Robert Maxwell, Bishop of Orkney, the year of God MDXXVIII. (1528), the year of the reign of

By permission of] [Messrs. Valentine, Dundee.

The Nave.

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King James V. Robert Borthwik made me in the Castel of Edinbrugh." Like too many of our modern bells, it evidently required recasting, for on a medallion is added in seven lines : "Taken et brought againe heir by Alexander Geddus Marchant in Kirkwall and recasten at Amsterdam Jully 1682 years by Claudius Fremy city bell caster. It weighs 1450 P."

The second bell, three feet one inch in diameter and two feet five inches high, bears in black letter inscription the tale of its being made by the same caster in the Castle of Edinburgh, and on it also is "Sanctus Magnus" with "IHS" and the arms of Scotland and the donor. The third bell, two feet nine inches across by two feet five inches high, bears the same inscription and arms as aforesaid ; and the fourth bell, a smaller one, is unhung. Kirkwall may justly be proud of her bells, "whose booming could be heard over the noise of stormy Pentland," for no church on the mainland possesses such distinction. From other records we learn that this "Robert Borthwik" was master-gunner during the reign of James IV. This King included Saint Magnus in his list of churches, for he gave ten pounds Scots and victuals to thirteen vicars to sing matins and masses for the soul of his murdered father, James III., who was the first Scottish King of the Orkneys or Whale Islands. From his reign onwards we read the record of Kirkwall in the National annals, in the lives of Earls and Bishops, and of these last we have yet to learn.

The story of the Bishops of Orkney is quite as necessary, and also quite as confusing, as that of the Earls, owing to the connection with Orkney and Caithness. The *Saga* names William the Old as first Bishop, and the inscription found in his grave bears this out. Servanus, friend and teacher of Kentigern, is often called first Bishop of the Orkneys. But Adam of Bremen names Thorolf, consecrated by Adalbert Archbishop of Hamburg, in the middle of the eleventh century, and also says that another Adalbert succeeded Thorolf. He might be the Bishop during the

life of Earl Thorfinn, who built Christ Church. Then we recall the influence of Lanfranc in Earl Paul's time, and successive bishops were certainly consecrated by the Archbishop of York. Ralph, who figured at the Battle of Northallerton in 1138, proves that he and William both claimed the Bishopric at the same time, but Ralph's must have been an empty title. It was evidently a struggle between the Primates of Norway and England.

Following a second William, we have Bjarni, a famous poet to whom is ascribed *The Lay of the Jomsburg Vikings*. He must have been interesting as well as rich in talents, lands, and money. He built a fine castle on the Island of Weir, and lives in tradition under the name of "Cobbie Row" (the giant or goblin). In the Chartulary of Munkalif Monastery, near Bergen, we read that all his lands in Norway, known as Holand, he gives "for the souls of his father, mother, brother, relations, and friends." He seems, like Earl Hakon, to have believed in the supernatural as well as in the sacred. Peter, the sixth Bishop, granted a forty days' indulgence in return for contributions offered for the rebuilding of St. Swithin's Cathedral, Stavanger, destroyed by fire. William III. was evidently a fast and furious prelate who preferred hunting and feasting and "boisterous pastime" to seeking out "heretics" and those who practised idolatry and witchcraft. He dared to imprison the Canon sent to collect Peter's pence; he refused to allow a rich woman's corpse to be carried to Drontheim; and he pocketed some special revenues for fifteen years. A pestilent priest indeed! He was suspended, had to mortgage his dues to the Archbishop, &c. But most interesting of all for us is the record of Sunnivemiel, a tribute paid by the Shetlanders to the shrine of St. Sunniva at Bergen.

Thomas de Tulloch, the fourteenth Bishop, pledged himself in 1420, at the Church of Vestenskov, in Laland, that he would hold the Crown lands of Orkney committed to his care for Eirik and his successors, promising "to give law

and justice to the people of Orkney, according to the Norsk law-book and the ancient usages." In 1422, he received the palace and pertinents of Kirkwall "as a fief from King Eric." Then came the great change in 1472, when a Bull of Pope Sixtus IV. placed the See of Orkney under the care of the Archbishop of St. Andrews. The islands had become the dowry of Queen Margaret in 1469.

For twenty-six years Scotland had not paid her arrears of tribute, and by this marriage treaty Christian I. gave his daughter a dowry of 60,000 florins, 10,000 to be paid down on her departure, and the Orkneys pledged for the balance of 50,000 florins. The exchequer was empty alas ! and we have echo in—

> "You Scottsmen spend a' our gude red gowd
> And a' our queenis' fee."

Only 2,000 florins were forthcoming, and so the Shetlands were next pledged. In return Queen Margaret received certain jointure lands, the Castle of Doune, the Palace of Linlithgow, and her terce of the royal possessions, if left a widow. So the Orkneys and Shetlands then represented a money value of 58,000 florins, which, at 100 pence each, made a sum then equal to £24,000 of our money.

As we come nearer to the Reformation we know of Bishop Maxwell's gift of stalls, removed in 1671, and of bells; of Bishop Reid's many improvements and restorations. Buchanan tells us that the Orcadians put each new Bishop to a test—abolished, however, in 1585. He must drain to the bottom an ancient goblet filled with wine, long believed to have belonged to St. Magnus, pledging a plentiful harvest as he did so. Bishop Malvoisin should have been appointed to this See. One wonders what has become of this goblet, and feels glad also that the Beaker of Glamis still exists for sight and touch as precious relic of ancient days and quaint customs in Scotland ; just as in quaint Rothenburg, Burgomaster Nusch's cup still excites admiration.

The alms dishes of very fine Dutch workmanship of the

seventeenth century are still in existence, precious treasures in genuine brass, two and a half feet in diameter. The fine woodwork, notably a canopy over the Bishop's throne, has disappeared.

The Norse Earls who had ruled for three hundred and fifty years became extinct in 1231, and Alexander II. granted the Earldom of Caithness to the House of Angus. Then, in 1331, we find that Malise, Earl of Stratherne (connected with Dunblane), succeeded in right of his wife; and again in 1379, "the lordly line of high St. Clair" came into possession. In 1471, James III. gave "William, Earl of Orkney, the castle and lands of Ravenscraig in Fife, in exchange for all his rights to the Earldom of Orkney"; and an Act of Parliament was passed on the 20th of February, annexing to the Scottish Crown "The Erledome of Orkney and Lordship of Schetland nocht to be gevin away in time to cum to na persain or persainis, excep alenarily to ane of the king's sonnis of lauchful bed."

In 1486, Kirkwall was made a royal burgh by the King, and the lands of St. Ola were partly vested in the magistrates and burgesses for the maintenance of St. Magnus Church. In 1536, James V. lived in the Bishop's Palace, as the guest of Bishop Maxwell, while on a tour through his kingdom. The statue now seen in its tower is said to be that of Bishop Reid who, in 1540, built additions to the original palace in which King Haco died.

The Earl's Palace was built about 1600 by the notorious Earl Patrick, "Scourge of Orkney and Shetland." He and his son took possession of and fortified the Cathedral and "went about to demolish and throw it down." His sacrilege was fortunately prevented by Bishop Law and the arrival of royal troops, but the new ceiling at the west end proves part of his depredations. A Stewart, too, as was the Wolf of Badenoch! We might well say of them, "Abbey Builders, Cathedral Destroyers!" In 1616, he and his worthy son met death on the scaffold in Edinburgh, and he lives in memory in Orkney as the "Wicked Earl." His palace had a fine banqueting hall with peculiar horizontal-arched fireplace;

and in the *Pirate,* Sir Walter Scott makes Bunce and Cleveland meet in this room, and the latter also pace the Cathedral soliloquising on its story, &c.

When the expedition, under the Marquis of Montrose for Charles II., started from the Orkneys, Cromwell retaliated, and his soldiers built Cromwell's Fort from the ruins of the palace. But the Cathedral suffered nothing ; sufficient is laid to Cromwell's charge throughout England without adding Kirkwall to his black list.

In 1701, the Town Guard occupied it as a public place, "shooting guns, drinking, fiddling, piping, swearing, and cursing night and day," and thereby made it unfit for public worship.

The Government, regarding it as Crown property, took possession in 1848, and spent a considerable sum of money on repairs. Then the magistrates and town authorities proved their right of possession from the charter of James III., and so they now administer its affairs.

The tourist who commands time will find great reward in a visit to Kirkwall and the Orkneys, beloved of the historian, the antiquarian, the ecclesiologist, and their following of humble students. After a period approaching four centuries and a half, he will find the true Orcadian—in appearance, nomenclature, custom, and peculiar phrase of speech—of Norway rather than of Scotland. In the marvellous uniformity of style and design, the architect finds parallel for St. Magnus Church only in the Nave of Westminster—the Valhalla of our United lands and kingdoms—the treasure house of the traditions of Picts, Celts, Northmen, Saxons, Normans, Scots, and English.

As we gaze upon this noble church, built for a soldier by a soldier as proof of his steadfast faith in the God of all battles, and as we ponder over the tale of blood and strife with which its history is interwoven, we may fittingly recall the lines—

> "It was both impious and unnatural
> That such immanity and bloody strife
> Should reign among professors of one faith."

DUNFERMLINE ABBEY

1074 A.D. — CULDEES.
1124 A.D. — AUSTIN CANONS.

"And yet these grim old walls are not a dilettantism and dubiety; they are an earnest fact. It was a most real and serious purpose they were built for! Yes, another world it was, when these black ruins, white with their new mortar and fresh chiselling, first saw the sun as walls long ago. Gauge not, with that dilettante compasses, with that placid dilettante simper, the Heavens—Watch-tower of our Fathers, the fallen God's-Houses, the Golgotha of true Souls departed! . . . Another world truly: and this present poor distressed world might get some profit by looking wisely into it, instead of foolishly."

THOMAS CARLYLE has told us that one of our duties should be a *deliberate* study amidst the ruins of Iona; and possibly, even most probably, this Abbey of Dunfermline led him to ponder over Monasticism, its aims and ideals, its lessons and failures as told so trenchantly by him, in later life, in his essays on *Past and Present.* For we recall that the great thinker lived part of his life as a schoolmaster in "the lang toun" of Kirkcaldy, not far off.

In Scotland we have a saying, "All the world and a bit of Fife," and one of its recent native writers asserts that "Fife contains the concentrated essence of Scottish history and character." Granting this, we may also add that of its churches, now standing or in ruins, the Abbey of "the auld gray town" of Dunfermline excels others in historic interest.

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Dunfermline Abbey, West Front.

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We somehow never forget the importance of the Revolution in England, when William the Conqueror gained ascendency over the Saxons, but we seldom or but rarely realise that, with Malcolm Caenmore's accession in Northern Britain, a transformation equally great in effect took place. The Pict and the Celt became transfused, and henceforth served in the united lands they heretofore ruled ; there were not only new lords and new laws, but a new speech and almost a new religion. When Malcolm, seated on the *Lia Fail* or Stone of Destiny at Scone, was greeted and acclaimed in the Gaelic tongue as "King of Alban," the power was even then departing from the ancient people. Henceforth fugitive Saxons, adventurous Norman knights and their followers, men from Flanders and Brabant, Vikings from Denmark and Norway, all settled down to add their quota to the population, to be distinguished in the near future as Lowland Scots. As in Wales, so too here, the plough drove back to the confines of mountain, moor, and loch those ancient clansmen whom we now name as Highlanders.

The Nation's Star arose in a new and ascendant East. Malcolm, though ever the fierce rugged warrior, had none the less learned in his exile how great are the blessings of peace ; so commerce was born in the land. The East coast, with its rivers and firths (Norwegian *fiord*), offered natural facilities and therefore invited intercourse with the more settled and prosperous peoples of the Continent. The fierce zeal of the plundering Vikings found new channels, and they became eager carriers of a system of exchange and barter, the primitive beginning of a great commerce thereafter ; and agriculture, in which Scotland still leads the van, assumed an ever growing importance.

So Malcolm built for himself, 1057–68, a Castle or Tower, of which a few crumbling stones stand at Dunfermline in the heart of Fothrif, a district of South Pictland and yet easily accessible by sea and land. Soon after, Dunfermline became the royal capital.

Every schoolboy knows the story of the expulsion of the Saxon royal family from England after the Conqueror's arrival in 1066, and of that storm which tossed their vessel in our terrible North Sea—whose cruelty still endures—until their hopes of ever reaching Hungary, for which country they were bound, grew fainter and fainter. But the Scot water (Firth of Forth) proved a safe anchorage for them, when within four miles of Dunfermline. Whenever we cross between North and South Queensferry, or pass by St. Margaret's Hope and Queen Margaret's Stone, we witness the various points of interest in the journey of these storm-tossed fugitives. Grateful, no doubt, for his own asylum in Northumbria, Malcolm entertained his Saxon guests most hospitably; and in 1070, married the Princess Margaret (as his second wife). The name of Margaret, pure-minded wife, mother, queen, and finally patron Saint of the country, must ever remain closely associated with Scotland's churches, and so Dunfermline takes precedence over all.

By a strange irony of fate, Lady Macbeth was succeeded by this saintly woman, whom all hearts revere even as they execrate her predecessor. But when, in later records of Margaret's church, we read of the gifts of Kinross to the Monks, let us also recall that Shakespere's Lady Macbeth is not quite true to life. One of the few authentic memorials of those early days is the gift of Lochleven in Kinross to the Columbites by Macbeth, and his Lady—under the name of the Lady *Gruoch*—joined with him in the grant—Macbeth and Gruoch "granting the lands of Kyrkness to the Culdees of Lochleven from motives of piety and for the benefit of their prayers." Macbeth also granted "The land of Bolgyne to the same Culdees with the utmost veneration and devotion." In 1050, he gave silver to the poor in Rome in expiation for Duncan's murder.

After the royal wedding, Malcolm, by request of his pious Queen, founded a church upon the site of their nuptials, and afterwards appointed it as a place of interment instead of Iona the "Blessed Isle" so far away. Of Iona we may

now write Ichabod, and as Dunfermline supplanted it, so too in succession was it drifted into shadowland by Holyrood, and both again by Westminster. A trinity of Ichabods for Scotland!

In 1075, so much of this church was finished that it was dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and partially opened for worship. Thirteen monks of the Family of Iona were brought thence to officiate, but here for the first time we find no name or shrine of Celtic Saint. These monks were but coming into closer contact with a critical patroness, for the decline and fall of the Celtic Church and Culdee monasteries began when Margaret brought English Canons from Durham to instruct them better in their former simple faith and ritual.

Turgot of Durham was her chaplain and confessor, Lanfranc was her chosen counsellor and spiritual father, and her children followed zealously in her footsteps. Though sons and daughters of a Celtic father and Saxon mother, it has been rather aptly said of them that "they were Normans at heart." Queen Margaret's great aim was to establish the ritual of St. Augustine in place of St. Columba's simpler and less imposing form of worship and service; and the struggle between Celtic and Latin Churches began when thirteen Benedictine Monks (Austin Canons as they came to be known) arrived and claimed "Canterbury to be the mother of Dunfermline."

In the story of Margaret and her family of six sons and two daughters, we note that not one bore a Celtic name. Fergus, Kenneth, and Duncan disappeared as kingly names, whilst only one more Malcolm appears in regal lists. Thus the domestic policy of the palace pointed the way to the Court's policy in the nation's councils; and in the story of Margaret and her sons, Alexander, Edgar, David, kings in succession—somehow we forget they were also Malcolm's sons—we find that "The Scottish Church was not so much reformed after the Southern example as gradually overgrown by an English Church, transplanted to the Northern hills,

with its clergy, creeds, rites, and institutions, and 'The Use of Sarum' was daily heard." English Priests became Scottish Bishops, and the religious houses were filled with English monks. Until Margaret's accession to power, the religious system of Scotland had, broadly speaking, been "Monastic," for the clergy of the Family of Iona lived in humble "Colleges," but from King David's time onward it became parochial.

Having seen how fundamentally English in style the ritual and order of the Scottish Church had become at this time, we can easily account for the general sameness of ecclesiastical architecture on both sides of the Tweed during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Cathedral, Abbey, Monastery, Convent, Hospital, Church, and Chapel, all alike are to a great extent miniature copies of Southern buildings.

Queen Margaret's life-story belongs elsewhere, but there is one incident of her Court life that it is pleasant for us to associate with Dunfermline, a custom still so rigorously practised in every Scottish household that he who would omit its observance is judged as lacking in the reverences of life. The saying of Grace before meals was so emphasised by this Queen that it became custom for all, instead of for the pious and reverent only, and Grace after meals was also introduced. To encourage this custom she offered a drink of rich wine, from her own beautifully carved ivory and silver cup, to each baron who would wait for the Blessing of Thanks. When her daughter Maud, married to Henry I., the Norman *Beauclerc*, introduced the same custom at the English Court, the nobles gladly paid their tribute of respect to "good Queen Maud's" wishes, and soon we find the chronicler's line, "Mead in their cans and wine in the Grace cup," and reading it in Norman record, one's thoughts are carried back to Dunfermline.

Coming to the story of the Church, there is very little reason to believe that any part of the Abbey, as now seen, was built by King Malcolm. The Celts never in any way

excelled in architecture, so we cannot presume that Scotland was ahead of England in her Norman buildings. As Cosmo Innes says : "The original Church of Canmore, perhaps not of stone, must have been replaced by a new edifice when it was dedicated in the reign of David I." This original church may have stood where the choir was afterwards built. Then David I. added the Norman nave which we now see. In 1124, this King raised the Church of the Holy Trinity to the dignity of an Abbey, but there is little doubt that his predecessor, Alexander I., all but finished the monastery buildings occupied by the thirteen monks King David brought from Canterbury, or as Wyntoun says—

> "Of Canterbury in Dunfermlyne
> Monks he browcht and put thame Syn
> And dowt thame rycht rychely
> With great Possessyounys and mony."

It was this monastery, "the finest in Scotland," of which Matthew Paris wrote : "Three distinguished sovereigns with their retinues might be accommodated with lodgings at the same time without inconvenience to one another."

No one need presume to doubt the purity of King David's motives or the saintliness of his life, but shortly before the Reformation came it is interesting to find that Bellenden, Archdeacon of that Latin Church to which David gave so freely, wrote : "If King David had considered the manners and nourishing of devout religion, he had neither built the churches with such magnificence nor endowed them with such riches. For the superfluities of churches (now as they are used) are not only occasion to evil prelates to rage in most insolent and corrupt life, but one sicker net to draw all manner of gold and silver out of this realm to Rome by their continual promotion." In that very lack of "superfluities" the Protestant Church in Scotland has founded her strength ; the mind and soul, rather than the eye and ear, have been her chiefest objects of solicitude.

The choir, aisles, transept, and presbytery were erected

between 1216 and 1226, and we read of appeals and protests to Rome over the expenses thereof. Then, in 1249, there came the message that this new church need not be consecrated as the nave had been so—again a saving of expenditure. Robert the Abbot had a shrewd and active mind. He was Chancellor of the kingdom, the Abbey finances were low, and he knew to the full the commercial value of a saint's shrine as a means of income. He urged Queen Margaret's canonisation; wonderful stories of miracles wrought and of bright lights seen at her grave were freely circulated; Pope Honorius made diligent inquiry and was satisfied, and so our pious Christian and model queen became a partner with St. Andrew in the patronage of her adopted land. In 1250, as Cosmo Innes says, "to give solemnity to the opening of the New Church," her body was transferred from the old church to the new Lady Chapel, built to receive her shrine, in presence of all the chief men in the kingdom. "A free indulgence of forty days to all the faithful who visit the shrine of St. Margaret" is recorded in the Register of the Abbey. It was the year of the coronation of Alexander III., and Abbot Robert had succeeded so well that the mitre was given to his Abbey which henceforth ranked first in order of precedence in Scotland, as formally confirmed by decree in 1442. My Lord Abbot, sure of his ground now, proceeded to summon the Culdees, who still differed in their form of worship, that their claims might be settled "according to justice." He being actually both judge and jury, sentence of expulsion was pronounced, and with the date of the opening of Margaret's shrine, the Culdees, as a distinct body of worshippers, ceased to exist.

Connected with the translation of the Queen's body we have fresh stories of miracles. When the bearers were carrying it, all went well until King Malcolm's tomb was reached; they could go no further, in vain did they strive, the faithful wife would not leave her husband behind even if celibacy were demanded of thirteenth century saints. So

Malcolm's body was also raised and the royal burden again became light, and both were laid at rest together. Then in 1263, at the Battle of Largs, disastrous to Norway and King Haco, the wraiths of Margaret and her royal descendants left their resting place to cheer and encourage the Scots to victory. (The ballad of "Hardyknut," written by a native of Fife, tells the story of this battle.) As Westminster increased in riches and power round the shrine of Edward the Confessor, so did Scotland's Valhalla likewise gather wealth round that of Saxon Margaret, his niece. Wallace prayed before it—for a monk of Dunfermline was his chaplain—Bruce spent many months here in daily devotion before his death; and we have perfectly authentic accounts of the Queen's head with wealth of golden hair being carried away to Douai, and of Philip of Spain's strenuous efforts to obtain the bodies of Malcolm and Margaret as additions to his relics of the saints in the Escurial. In our own day, effort has been made to find the bodies or the head, but in vain. She deserved better of her country, but had her body been left in peace and not made object of prayer and profit, then, like Robert Bruce's now, her grave would be honoured; for in Scotland's rude dark ages she shone, a noble light, and all men of whatsoever creed honour her memory.

Between 1093 and 1165 there were buried in the Abbey :—

Margaret	1093
Edward (heir apparent)	1093
Duncan II. (son of Ing-ibiorg the first wife of Malcolm)	1094
Ethelred (Abbot of Dunkeld)	1096 ?
King Edgar	1107
Malcolm Caenmore (exhumed at Tynemouth) ...	1115
Alexander I.	1124
David I.	1154
Malcolm IV.	1165

When the new church was consecrated in 1250, as

aforesaid, the bodies of King Malcolm and Queen Margaret were reinterred, and there were also buried within its walls :—

Margaret, Queen of Alexander III.	1250
David and Alexander (her sons)	1280
Alexander III.	1284
Elizabeth (first wife of Robert Bruce)	1327
King Robert the Bruce...	1329
Matilda (his daughter)	1356
Christian (his sister)	1366
Annabella (Queen of Robert III.)	1403
Robert (infant son of James VI.)	1602

Thus Dunfermline is the sanctuary of nineteen royal graves which receive more prominent notice nowadays because of the one name Bruce, whose loyal friend Randolph also lies here.

For many of the visitors to the Abbey the centre of attraction lies at the tomb of Robert the Bruce. The great King did not make his residence here, and after his accession was but at rare intervals in the East, but he observed the traditions, and as he had been crowned at Scone, so must he be buried in Dunfermline, as was also Elizabeth his queen. So he granted the Church of Kinross and the Chapel of Orwell to the monks in honour of his royal ancestors' tombs and in anticipation of his own. During his tedious illness from leprosy, he devoted himself to the future provision of things temporal for his country, and as a good churchman, set also his spiritual house in order. The man nowadays who provides coffin or tomb in anticipation of decease, incurs the liability of being legally pronounced eccentric and erratic, but such points of conduct are after all but vagaries of fashion. As death drew near, Bruce made preparation for his final rest near former royalties, and so a fine tomb was ordered from Paris, and in all probability erected here while he still lived. It was built of white marble heavily gilded, surrounded by an iron railing, and its canopy was of "painted Baltic timber"—

such style of tomb as that of the Black Prince in Canterbury Cathedral.

The King's death took place on the 30th of May, 1329, at his hunting palace of Cardross, in Dumbartonshire, and one week later he was buried in the choir of the Abbey. The funeral was attended by "the grate the good and the brave of the daie and the weeping of the multitudes insyde and outsyde the Kyrke adid solemnitie to the rite." In the destruction of the choir at the Reformation even King Robert's tomb suffered with others, and for a period of two hundred and fifty years the actual site of his grave was unknown. When Robert Burns visited the Abbey in 1787, "he knelt and kissed the flagstones, and also execrated the worse than Gothic neglect of the first of Scottish heroes."

When the foundations of the present church were being dug in 1818, three workmen discovered a vault in which lay a large body, six feet long, wrapped in thick folds of sheet lead, the fragments of fine linen and cloth of gold betokening it a royal tomb. When examined, the body was found to have the breastbone sawn asunder, proving it to be that of the great King whose request that his heart be cut out and carried to the Holy Sepulchre had been truly obeyed. His friend, the good Sir James Douglas, fulfilled the King's desire, and the Cathcart pillar in Paisley Abbey tells the close of the story, an ever popular tale because it appeals to our hearts in proof of the hero's simple faith and the friend's perfect obedience and devotion. The skeleton was carefully re-wrapped in its original winding-sheet and placed in a lead coffin which was then filled with melted pitch to preserve the bones from further decay. On the lid of the coffin was cast in raised letters—

KING ROBERT BRUCE
1329
1819

This coffin was again placed in one of wood, the vault

was filled up, and within it were placed Barbour's *Life of Bruce*, Lord Haile's *Annals of Scotland*, Kerr's *History of King Robert's Reign*, Fernie's *History of Dunfermline*, and the *Edinburgh Almanac* for 1819, together with copies of the various Edinburgh newspapers of the day, and divers coins of varying dates of the reign of George III.; and with flat stones it was filled up to the level of the church floor. Finally, in 1889, a public subscription provided for his grave a very beautiful brass, executed in the style of those in Westminster Abbey co-relative with Bruce's period. On this is cut the life-size figure of the King in royal robes over a suit of chain mail. His great two-handed sword is by his side, and on his shield, the Scottish lion rampant. A ribbon border bears a scroll inscription in Latin, "The grave of Robert the Bruce, King of Scots, happily discovered among the ruins, 1818, has been at length marked by this brass, in the 560th year after his death." The brass is imbedded in a slab of very rich red-coloured porphyry, taken from an Egyptian sarcophagus by his descendant, the Earl of Elgin, of *Elgin Marbles* fame. Over it a finely carved pulpit protects but does not in any way obscure the slab. Thus every Sabbath day the gospel of love and peace and good-will is preached over the bones of Robert Bruce, and so the secular in national history is happily blended with the sacred in national aspiration.

Fortunately we may read in *Fordun's Chronicle* the inscription on the original tomb:—"Here lies the Invincible Robert, blessed King. Let him who reads his exploits repeat how many wars he carried on. He led the Kingdom of the Scots to Freedom by his uprightness; now let him live in the Citadel of the Heavens." Thus "patriotism will continue to honour its heroes as religion reveres its saints." Bruce and his descendants here reign supreme. In the south aisle, the family of the Earls of Elgin have many beautiful monuments and windows, and a fine bust of the Lady Augusta Bruce, wife of Dean

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The Bruce's Tomb.

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Stanley, marks her youthful connection with Dunfermline "which she loved so well."

Standing outside, we can see that the handsome square tower, which rises above the hero's grave, has an open balustrade round its summit formed of the words—

"KING ROBERT THE BRUCE,"

in letters of open hewn work four feet in length. Royal crowns and pinnacles surmount its corners. This inscription has, rather captiously, been criticised as "in bad taste," but after all, is not the point of view a vital factor in our judgment?

The new Church, built in 1818, contains in its north transept the old royal gallery, bearing the initials of James VI. and his Queen, Anne of Denmark—who lived in the palace until Queen Elizabeth's death called them South—and on its oak shields in quaint lettering are the names of kings, queens, and princes whose bodies have long since mingled with the Abbey dust. Few, if any, of the finely sculptured stones are left. Abbotsford is decorated with much of the fine old oak of the Abbey; even the pulpit entire, of date 1634, was sent thither. One would not wittingly grudge aught to Sir Walter, the zealous antiquarian and Protestant, but surely the old pulpit of Dunfermline Abbey stands out of place in Abbotsford nowadays. With our modern desire for all things to be done reverently and in order, this pulpit, consecrated symbol of the message it has widely preached to many generations, should stand again within the walls which sheltered its hearers—the quick and the dead. It might fittingly mark the spot where the first royal tombs were placed, as does the pulpit of the new church mark the Bruce's grave.

The Abbey is a truly venerable pile, although only the Romanesque nave remains of that first Holy Trinity Church. Entering by the north porch, we note its

beautifully groined roof with ten sculptured keystones and many quaint devices. The old oak door, nail studded, still has its "thumb-sneck" latch and long wooden bar shot into the wall, such bar as, at the scene of the murder of James I., changed Catherine Douglas's name into that of *Barlass*. The cavities in its walls were either used for holy water or for the baptism of the children of strangers and pilgrims who might not enter within the church.

The Nave, 166 feet long by 53 feet wide internally, reminds one of Durham, and as King Malcolm was present at the founding of St. Cuthbert's Church in 1093, the similarity is natural enough. We have the same massive circular pillars, and as we advance eastward towards the steps leading into the new church, we note the same form of carving in zig-zag and thwarted lines and the arrow-head markings, and presume therefrom that the same mason may have designed the work here. These pillars, too, have a peculiar way of changing their appearance as we move. Seen from one point they look top-heavy, the base more slender than the capital ; from an opposite point of view, the order appears reversed, and they seem to taper towards the capitals. This magnificent nave serves but as porch to the church now used for worship, and as we stand on its higher elevation, and look westward towards the great window, one feels glad that the Scots have at last been aroused to the necessity of restoring and treasuring their ancient cathedrals and abbeys.

Retracing our steps through the nave, two of its fine windows of stained glass specially attract us. The one in the south aisle must have precedence, for it was the first stained-glass window placed in the Abbey. It was presented in 1860 by Lady Willoughby D'Eresby, of Drummond Castle, in memory of her ancestor Queen Annabella Drummond, consort of Robert III. and mother of James I., the poet king, born in the adjoining palace. She it was who urged her husband to erect a fine tomb, and his humble answer and the story of his grave is embodied in that of Paisley Abbey.

The magnificent western window of four lights is another object-lesson in history, as we see before us in bold clear outline of form and lineament, the life-size figures of King Malcolm and Queen Margaret, William Wallace and Robert Bruce. It is the gift of the well-known Andrew Carnegie, a native of the town, and it was designed by Sir Noel Paton, Her Majesty's Limner for Scotland, another townsman who, with his brother and sister, is well known in the galleries. (*Bruce and the Spider, Bruce's Tomb, Queen Margaret reading the Scriptures,* all tell of the Patons' connection with Dunfermline, whilst the fine picture of *The Ordination of the Elders,* in the National Gallery in Edinburgh, is appropriately placed there as of national interest.)

Outside, we see in the western doorway one of the most perfect early Norman doorways in existence, equalling that of Rochester. It is twenty feet in height and sixteen feet in breadth, and its five slender columns on either side form support for receding arches in dog-tooth and zig-zag of different styles, surmounted by carved heads, supposed to represent the Apostles. The quiet dead lie in hundreds around us, and a gleam of the Forth brings back anew those days of Sir Patrick Spens, the "Skeely Skipper," sent "o'er the faem to Norway" by the king who

> "Sat in Dunfermline toun
> Drinking the bluid-red wine";

From the Monks' Chronicles of the Abbey we can glean richly of our own earlier Scottish life. This Ancient Register of Dunfermline is preserved in the Advocate's Library in Edinburgh. It throws most valuable light on the ancient tenures and forms of conveyancing in Scotland, as it was really a nucleus around which all deeds and business transactions of the monastery were centred. Two centuries and a half ago, the first Earl of Haddington made a valuable and methodical list of its contents as follows:—Charters relating to the Kings, David to Alexander

III.; the Bishops of St. Andrews and of Dunkeld; the Chapter of St. Andrews; the Earls of Fife and of Athol; Countesses Ada and Ela; Charters of Laymen; Covenants and Conventions regarding disputed territories and Bulls of Popes. The first form of its handwriting may be generally ascribed to the early half of the thirteenth century, or the reign of Alexander II. It deals with facts relative to the Abbey after its remodelling by David I. The second style of writing is much less careful, and the rubricated titles and ornamental initial letters disappear. From it we learn many interesting facts as to the gifts and privileges of the Abbey. The iron and coal pits of Fife are the great source of her modern wealth; King David granted one-tenth of all his gold found in Fife and Fothrif to the monks in 1144; and the oldest coal charter in Scotland was granted to them in 1291. They evidently needed the coal, for a decree is issued from Lyons permitting them to wear caps and bonnets during the service, except at special reverences, owing to the "frigid region." These caps were made of leather, and in the excavations for the new church, in 1818, pieces of the same were found.

An organ is mentioned in connection with the service at this time, and later, Henryson refers to the "orlege bell" or clock—rare even in the fifteenth century. Haddington Church had to supply their lights, Dunkeld Cathedral was subject; and St. John the Baptist's Church in Perth was also notable in their widespread list of dependent churches. The schools at Perth and Stirling were under the fostering care of the Abbey, but in return, Edward III. of England ordered the monks to pay their share of the expenditure in fortifying the city of Perth. Their privileges seem to have been endless; the monks might come and go free across the Scot water, and excommunication was a handy weapon to issue against a contesting claimant to shore and water rights of fisheries.

Cardinal Wolsey is credited with an epicurean taste for whale's tail. Our monks of Holy Trinity had actually a

charter from Malcolm IV., solemnly signed by bishops, earls, and chamberlain, giving them right to the heads of all *Crespeis*—better known as bottle-nose whales—stranded in the Scot water. The King, however, claimed tribute of the tongue (a titbit in the twelfth century), and he also expected prayers for King David's salvation, in return. William the Lion gave them bondmen and their families (Celts by their names), and when, in return, these serfs assisted at the King's buildings, he decreed that no precedent was thereby established. The Sheriff of Fife was obliged to yield tribute of the eighth of his fines. It seemed as if their hands were ever open and their perpetual cry was "Give! give!" But there was sometimes a fly in their ointment. The Bishop of St. Andrews paid them an official visit, and as his hosts neglected to provide him with sufficient wine for his supper, he took from them two of their churches, and then the abbot and monks protested that the bishop's servants drank the wine. It seems a pretty little quarrel, the more so because the bishop's name was Malvoisin, and "Malmsey and Malvoisie" are familiar enough on ancient wine lists; and also because two of their *cellarers* were promoted to be abbots. (The cellarer was also a business manager, and there is a hard air of business all through the Register as we read between the lines.)

After the murder of James I. at Perth in 1436, Dunfermline and other cities were deemed *unsafe* as royal residences, and the Castle of Edinburgh became centre of Scottish Court life. It was a heavy blow for the monks; the King's ear was gone, and judgment at a distance is less apt to be partial. James II. very properly called on all to regard "with veneration" the church where his royal ancestors lay, but he none the less annexed for Crown revenue some of the lands of the said church. Had not his royal father at David's grave in the church called him "Sair Sainct to the Crown"!—for James was poor, and King David's excessive devotion had made these monks richer than the King. These descendants of David's Bene-

dictines from Canterbury had waxed mighty and arrogant; an Abbot was the King's son, and he, with great pomp, presented his royal father, James IV., with sword of state and consecrated hat from Rome—and with that father fell on Flodden Field. They had outlived their usefulness, and had become a jest and byword for "ribbald loons" instead of an ensample to the people.

So the end came; the Monastery, its Frater Hall, of which the beautiful Gothic window is still seen, the Choir, Lady Chapel, and all the shrines and imageries were utterly cast down, and from this Register we may read the lessons thereof. But before closing its pages we must note, under the year 1437, the first charter written in Scots tongue.

The palace life mingled so closely with that of the Abbey, that we revise history in the pages of the Register. John Baliol here ratified the agreement of marriage between his son Edward and the niece of Philip IV. of France; Edward I. spent twenty-one weeks in the palace on his journey "to destroy everything of antiquity in Scotland, to carry off its records and men of learning;" and in the church, before the high altar, he demanded and received the homage of the Sheriff of Stirling and others.

In 1303, Wallace and his mother travelled, on foot and disguised, from Dundee to Dunfermline, and tradition says, hid in Queen Margaret's Cave, meeting his friends in the forest. Here the poor weary mother died and was buried, and tradition again points to a spot in the churchyard as her grave, marked by a thorn tree. But this "Gospel thorn" really took the place of the "weeping cross" cast down at the Reformation. Wherever she lies, the Abbot and monks must have given her the last rites of the Church, and paid heavily for the same at tyrant Edward's hands. He spent the following winter here, encouraged the Christmas buffooneries of the Boy Bishop, gave him forty shillings in fee, and then, after a ninety-seven days' residence in the monastery, set fire to its "frater hall, dormitory, infirmary, lavatory, kitchen, stables, charterhouse," and so revenged himself.

But he "spared the Church." One better understands after such recital how bitterly he was execrated in Scotland, how fervent became Scottish devotion to Robert Bruce.

James IV. and his Queen spent much time here, also James V. and Mary of Guise. James VI. and Queen Ann (to whom he deeded the Lordship of Dunfermline) and their children, Elizabeth (Queen of Bohemia and also "Queen of Hearts," from whom Queen Victoria is directly descended) and Charles I. were born within the palace. Alas! that he should be the last King recorded, his cruel fate ever associated with its ruined walls.

When Charles II. visited the town in 1650, the document known as "The Declaration of Dunfermline" was drawn up, and the King subscribed "to adhere to both Covenants," but alas! a king's word was no longer his bond. Six years before, Mr. Robert Kay, minister, had been imprisoned by Cromwell for praying for this same King who made so light of his sacred oaths and promises.

Great men as well as royalties have lived close by its precincts, notably Robert Henryson, poet, schoolmaster, good man, who pondered deeply, and in his *Abbey Walk* reveals the trend of a devout and serious mind as "he went up and down in ane Abbey fair to see," and who in every trial and condition of life reminds us of "Obey and thank thy God of all."

The Rev. David Ferguson, first Protestant Evangel of the Reformed Service in 1560, and compiler of a valuable collection of Scottish proverbs, died in 1598, and of him Archbishop Spottiswoode wrote thus: "Ferguson was a good preacher, wise, and of a jocund and pleasant disposition which made him well regarded both in Court and Countrey." He was followed by the Rev. John Davidson, reformed monk—poet too—who in *Carmen* commemorates Ferguson's virtues.

The year 1644 was notable. The Solemn League and Covenant was bound "For the Kirke at Dunfermling";

and worshippers at the evening service were requested to bring their own candles.

In the town we may see "the Abbot's House" where lived Robert Pitcairn, Commendator in 1576, over whose doorway is an "advice-stane" of significant message—

> "Since word is thrall, and thought is free,
> Keep well thy tongue, I counsel thee."

In the eighteenth century lived Ralph Erskine, for twenty years minister then founder of the "Original Secession Church," and for fifteen years its pastor here. We recall Whitfield's visit to him, and recognise to the full the nobility of purpose which led him to leave his Abbey charge.

There are other books of note in the Advocate's Library in Edinburgh connected with our Abbey. St. Jerome's Latin Bible in MS., beautifully written and illuminated, was used in the Abbey from 1124 till 1560, when Dury the last Abbot carried it to France with other treasures. There it eventually came into the possession of the celebrated scientist, Monsieur Foucault, and at the sale of his effects, was bought and presented to the said Advocate's Library, to be henceforth regarded as one of its richest treasures. It is clean, legible, and entire, and its vellum leaves are richly ornamented with sacred and historical figures, and also with many grotesques. Some claim that it dates from the time of King Malcolm and Queen Margaret; but Gaufrid, first Abbot, was a man of singular piety and learning, and so we may more safely presume that he brought this copy from Canterbury.

In the Signet Library, a very beautifully written sermon on the text "None but Christ" by Mr. Walter Dalgleish of Dunfermline, about 1650, is often referred to. It instances twenty-four objections to Scriptural doctrines and gives solutions of them.

In 1708, the Palace walls fell, and eight years later, the Lantern Tower, which stood at the junction of the choir and the nave, followed. It was one hundred and fifty

feet high, thirty feet square, and in each of the sides of its two stories were three tall lancet windows, twenty-four in all. After the destruction of 1560, the floor of the choir had been used as a graveyard, and because of the Psalms sung therein in its glorious days, this resting place of the dead became known as Sythar or Psalter Kirkyard. The digging of graves had weakened the tower's foundations, hence its fall ; and heavy were the lamentations thereat.

As we turn to climb our way through the narrow, crooked streets, oblivious now of kingly pomp or ecclesiastic state, we feel that it has been good for us to see and thereby the better realise, how much of the nation's best life has been bound up with the story of this quaint old-world town. How paltry and how feeble are too many of our boasted efforts in architecture and its restoration when compared with the work of those wonderful builders who builded so strongly and so well ; for here, after eight hundred years have passed, in spite of frost from the hills and hissing rain and driving wind from the sea, the old gray Abbey remains massive and firm—and yet its architects are unknown to fame.

Unmeet is it for any one to even seemingly deride the spirit which demands an honest wage for the necessary bread and butter of life ; yet as we stand within our ancient churches and view their perfect beauty of moulded art, carved capital, and lacy fretwork of hewn stone, we learn a new and ever-deepening sense of the meaning of the term —"To the glory of God." The scholarly Bishop, who disdained not to carry stones from the quarry for the rebuilding of his ruined church ; the Abbot who, laying aside the mitre for the shovel and the trowel, acted as master mason for his monks ; the secular brother, of whom the only record may fittingly be "Ignotus," who spent his days in hewing, his nights in meditation on some floral wreath or archway of saints' heads, gained full reward for the labour of a life-time in having thus been privileged to share in God's service ; and the Bishop and the mitred Abbot helped Ignotus mightily

in thus fulfilling "He that is greatest among you shall be as he that serves." Service has become of late years too significant of menial tasks; our forefathers better appreciated the beauty of the "sweeping of a room to God's glory." The late William Ewart Gladstone has expressed this idea as to our ancient buildings so beautifully, that his words deserve to be more widely known :—

"It has been observed as a circumstance full of meaning, that no man knows the names of the architects of our Cathedrals. They left no record of themselves upon the fabrics, as if they would have nothing there that could suggest any other idea than the glory of that God, to whom the edifices were devoted for perpetual and solemn worship; nothing to mingle a meaner association with the profound sense of His presence; or as if, in the joy of having built Him a house, there was no want left unfulfilled, no room for the question whether it is good for a man to live in posthumous renown."

Carlyle and Gladstone—men of totally different minds, yet both masters—thus plead for our dead past; and we in reply need seek no fairer House of God, no more gorgeous ritual nor service, than to be found here each Sabbath morn. We stand on truly hallowed ground, for its walls, pillars, and arches have echoed to the sound of God's glory for over eight centuries; and the dust of the noble and the good, builders up and keepers of our national life, worshipped here in life and now lie peacefully in death.

In the year 1300, the monks were held in "high repute for sancity, for perfection of discipline, and for great charity." So we may be better able to forgive, if not to forget, the abuses of the past in the ever present charity which covereth the multitude of transgressions in the sight of the good Christian. Within the walls of God's House, surely one of the greatest gifts is charity. Such lessons does this Abbey teach! Here too, should we recall Queen Margaret's "Silence of good thoughts."

Paisley Abbey.

PAISLEY ABBEY

St. Mirin.
4th to 6th Century.

Founded
1163 A.D.

"I doe love these auncyent abbeys!
We never tread within them but we set
Our foote upon some reverend historie."

THOUGH the Abbey of Paisley, founded nearly a century later than that of Dunfermline, must therefore yield it precedence in age, Paisley Abbey is none the less first in the actual importance of national historic events which have taken place within its walls; and so its restoration, now going on, has been inspired by true patriotism, and renders it a fitting object of generosity for all Scots at home and abroad. This restoration of the North Transept and of the Tower also brings it forward into greater prominence than any of the other Cathedrals and Churches at the present time (Brechin excepted).

It is a common but none the less an erroneous belief, too often obtaining abroad, that Scotland's ruined Abbeys and churches remain a perpetual lesson as to the power and strength of the Reformation, and are therefore to be honoured by all sincere Protestants. Not so, far otherwise, although no one could wittingly deny the necessary zeal of the Reformers.

The era marked by deliberate ruin to so many of these fair Gothic Abbeys of Southern Scotland was twelve to

fifteen years before the Reformation. To the armies of the tyrant Henry VIII., whom Thomas Carlyle names along with "four-footed cattle," do we owe the partial or total destruction of such abbeys as Melrose, Dryburgh, Kelso, Jedburgh, and Coldingham, in 1544–45. Though the native Reformers certainly expended their zeal on the internal fittings of church, abbey, and monastery, rarely were they the first spoilers of the buildings. The armies of the Lords of the Congregation swept away cloisters and dependent portions of the monasteries, and by them, in 1559, the outbuildings of Paisley were destroyed. Neglect and decay, the fallen roof and rain-soaked walls, completed the ruin, and now only the Nave and South Aisle with St. Mirin's Chapel are left. The beautiful Nave serves as Parish Church, and apart from the universal desire born of a sentiment of reverent patriotism that the building should be restored, the North Transept will be actually required for seating accommodation. Here perforce the "half-day hearer" has been rather encouraged, and many pews are twice rented—for morning and for afternoon services—even the passages have been utilised for seating capacity.

The wave of fanaticism, apparently necessary at judicious intervals for the best welfare of the Church, has long since exhausted itself. Even the defence of the iconoclastic feeling, as expended on the fabric of the Church, exists no longer in Scotland; and all Presbyterians realise that many of their ruined buildings were temples of national life, and therefore historically (even if not ecclesiastically) are of deepest interest to all patriotic Scots.

The story of Paisley Abbey is indeed an interesting one, and as it develops, will prove its right of place. We are intimate and familiar with modern Paisley, with its world-wide reputation for cotton thread and oldtime shawls, and we may also be more or less familiar with its weavers—such uncouth weavers as Thrums produces—and its many poets of whom Tannahill was king. The Paisley "body" is a national type—exceedingly self-important, not

always superlatively polite or courteous—but none the less a thrifty, self-reliant character, "uncommonly prood" of his birthplace which has been very aptly defined as "a town of noble ruins, magnificent modern architecture, and mean streets." To its Abbey, wealthy Paisley, most successful of all Scottish manufacturing towns, owes its very existence, a perpetual reminder, when we need one, that the pre-Reformation Church was far from being entirely evil, for to her Paisley still owes a debt of gratitude. Wordsworth might have had Paisley in his thoughts when he penned—

> "Yet more around these Abbeys gathered towns,
> Safe from the feud of Castle's haughty frowns,
> Peaceful abodes, where Justice might uphold
> Her scales with even hand, and Culture mould
> Her heart of pity, train the mind in care
> For rules of life sound as the time could bear."

Paisley claims to be the Roman *Vanduaria* (although Skene maintains its site is elsewhere), but from the withdrawal of the Romans, 409 A.D., down till the twelfth century the history of the town is blank or legendary. Its patron Saint, St. Mirin, settled in Strathclyde either in the fourth or the sixth century, and is referred to by Fordun in his Chronicle of date 1140, "The kingdom of Strathclyde was the field of St. Mirin's labours, and the destruction of that kingdom by Kenneth III., in 972 A.D., and the flight of many of its inhabitants into Wales about 872 A.D. may account for the lack of native records about the Saint. Mirinus was a monk of Greece and sorry am I to say that of his parentage nothing is known." But according to other authorities he was an Irish Saint of the sixth century, one of the three thousand pupils of Comgall, friend of Columba and founder of the great Monastery of Bangor in County Down. Even as late as the twelfth century we find St. Bernard calling Bangor "a sacred place fertile of Saints—filling Ireland and Scotland with offspring."

Legends tell of St. Mirin's eloquence and powers of heal-

ing. On his death, a church was dedicated to him. Several streets, a stream, and an aisle of the present abbey bear his name, and the Seal of the Abbey depicts St. Mirin in bishop's robes with staff, and the prayer: "O Mirin! pray to Christ for the souls of thy servants."

Inchmurrin, Inchmaryn, Kirkmirren, Knockmirren, are the philologists' proof of the actual existence of some such saintly character. In the town's original charter he is designated Saint Mirrin, the Confessor; and he again appears later on the town seal, together with the *fess cheque* of the Stewart arms, that interesting survival and representation of the counting board used by the *Steward* in his duties.

The proverb, "Wealth makes wit waver," comes to one's mind as we read of old-time Paisley. In the various books, chronicles, and charters of mediæval days, we read of Paslet, Passeleth, Passelay, Passelet, Passlowe, Passeleke, Pateslo, Pasle, Paslewe, Paslay, and at last Paisley—a triumphant evolution, surely perfected at last, an enduring example of "What's in a name?"—as well as a big bone of contention as to its origin or real meaning.

When the Cymric Celts lost power in Strathclyde, and civil strife in Alban closed with the story of Macbeth, we find in Malcolm Caenmore's reign a great influx of Saxon settlers; and then, during the reign of his successive sons, of Norman barons with their followers. Of these, most noted became "Walter, the son of Alan," who was the son of Fleald, or Flathald, a Norman who obtained from William the Conqueror the Castle of Oswestry, in Shropshire, and from whom, too, the Fitz Alans, Earls of Arundel, claimed descent. But tradition—and to every Scot, living or dead, tradition has been one of the powers of life—says that Alan was son of that Fleance who fled to England after the murder of his father Banquo by Macbeth, as told by Shakespere. This Walter Fitzalan was welcomed by David I., who appointed him Seniscalus (German, *Seniscale*, oldest of servants), and granted him

great tracts of land in what is now the County of Renfrewshire. When King David died in 1153, he was succeeded by his grandson, Malcolm IV., who *confirmed* a charter on Walter as to lands and stewardship. Malcolm IV., being completely under the power of Henry II., yielded to him all right to Cumberland and Northumberland; hence we find that Norman barons owned estates in both countries, and swore fealty to English or Scottish king at will. In one of Malcolm's charters we read "French, English, Scots, and the inhabitants of Galloway" (Celts). It was this Norman Walter, of professedly Celtic descent, who founded a church at Passelet, in 1163, and from the Clugniac Abbey of St. Millburga at Much Wenlock, in Shropshire, brought Prior Humbald and thirteen monks to colonise the buildings.

This Priory Church, richly endowed, was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, to St. James, patron Saint of the Stewarts, to St. Millburga, and to St. Mirinus, founder of the more ancient church on the Inch of Renfrew. These Clugniac monks were of the order reformed from the Benedictines by Berno, Abbot of Gigni, and completed by Odo, Abbot of Clugni, about 912 A.D. At this very date of Paisley's foundation, the Abbey of Clugny, in France, "had attained a degree of splendour and influence unrivalled by any similar institution of the Middle Ages, second to Rome only as a chief centre of the Christian world" and, until the erection of St. Peter's at Rome, was ranked as the largest church in Christendom. It became the asylum of kings, the training school of popes; its abbot took rank above all others, issued his own coinage, and was a power in the political world. William the Conqueror and the Normans were devoted to Clugny and introduced the Order into England—St. Millburga's being ranked as the second house to that of Lewes. From its Archives, now in the British Museum and in the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris, we learn much valuable information as to our early Norman kings. Before the close of the fourteenth century,

this haughty Clugniac Order had already given to the world 24 popes, nearly 200 cardinals, 700 archbishops, 15,000 bishops, 1,500 abbots, *4,000 Saints*, and 37,000 monasteries! In addition, we may add of powers temporal—20 emperors, 10 empresses, 47 kings, over 50 queens, princes too many to enumerate, and a mighty array of eminent and learned men such as Rabanus of the German School; Alcuinus, founder of the University of Paris; Guido, inventor of the musical scale; Sylvester, inventor of the organ, and so on. Such a list enables us the better to realise to what powers, spiritual and temporal, this Mediæval Church had risen; and now, as we approach Paisley, we should also be better able to picture to ourselves the important position this Mother Church of the Order, with her children in Crossraguel, Iona, and Feale, held in Scotland.

These early monks, too, how picturesque their dress of black habit and scarlet cowl, the material of softest texture over purest, finest linen—mediæval æsthetes rather than ascetics—priding themselves also on refinement in eating and drinking. They used no manual labour, and their ritual was both gorgeous and elaborate. Of particular sweetness and richness was their music, and in the rise and fall of their echoing anthems the strictest precision as to time and harmony was enjoined. Not only were their luxurious habits condemned by Peter of their own Order, but they had also departed from the traditional form of architecture; and St. Bernard, in his *Apologia*, of date 1127, inveighs bitterly against "the useless breadth and height, the sumptuousness and empty spaces" of their churches. Later still we read of severe criticisms on the grotesqueness of their carvings, for the bestiary period was now developing to fullest exaggeration.

Walter the Steward, faithful son of the Church, spent his closing days in the Abbey of Melrose; but at his death, in 1177, he was buried, as were all his successors in the Stewardship, before the high altar of his Church in Paisley. Then in 1220, Pope Honarius III. elevated it to the rank of

an Abbey, and in 1303, its abbots were raised to the Mitre, with attendant privileges and powers over subject and service. In a record of the reign of Alexander III., we read, "Coal was dug for Paisley."

Most interesting, too, are the details of the perquisites, privileges, and revenues of the Abbey, and also of the many squabbles with the Cathedral Chapter of Glasgow over the rights of fishing in the Clyde and the Cart. The multures and dry multures of the mills (grain fee and money), the rights of lock and gowpen and knaveship (tributes of meal in handfuls, and of duty), the beeswax for lights, the "black stones" for fires, and above all, the crown points and gallows' rites were carefully exacted. These crown points conferred the court authority to punish and fine for rape, rapine, murder, and fire raising, and so made the Abbot supreme in power, independent of each and all, even subject in name only to the king. The gallows rites too were esteemed a great privilege, as the right to exercise the last terror of the law emphasised power, and the Clugniac Order were ever aggressive in this respect. From these courts and rights of tribute, revenue became so great, that we need not wonder at Bishop Leslie's eloquence in after days—"on Paisley's garden's, deer park, and walls a mile in circuit, its imagery, rich furniture, and buildings to vie with any monastery in Europe."

We Scots are indebted to Paisley for many details of earlier national life and custom, as well as those of our immigrant Norman over-lords, our Wallace, our Bruce, and the Stewarts. We owe these monks a deep debt of gratitude for their invaluable records—known to the world of historians and antiquarians as the *Chronicon Clugniense*, or the Black Book of Paisley—carried to England by General Lambert, and bought by Charles II. for £200. It now rests in the British Museum. From it we may learn that the poor and the stranger within their gates were cared for—seven chalders of meal was their weekly dole for the poor—and that when Eneas Sylvius, afterwards Pope Pius II.,

visited Scotland in 1433, "half-naked beggars received stones (coal) at the church doors with joy." (This versatile Pope painted the royal group of King James I. and family, now in the Vatican, as is told by Jusserand in the *Romance of a King's Life.*) How little could any one of these monks or curious visitors realise the power and wealth coming to the country from these same "black stones."

Fair and pleasant, rich and powerful, grew the Abbey and its domains, and yet not altogether free from the shadows of adversity, an adversity, however, to which Paisley and broad Scotland may point as one of the brightest jewels in her crown of life. The uncle of William Wallace, the purest and most single-minded of all Scottish patriots, was a monk of Paisley. From the Abbey Chartulary we know that the Wallace family had been more or less closely connected with it since its foundation, and among its cherished associations we may join in thought the tribute accorded the patriot in *Early Days of Sir William Wallace* by the late Lord Bute, himself a Stuart. "Here Malcolm Wallace and Margaret, his wife, took their little boys on the great Festivals to listen for hours to the solemn rise and fall of the Gregorian Chant . . . and it may well have been, as the sublime compositions of the Hebrew poets alternately thundered and wailed through the Abbey of Paisley, that William Wallace contracted that love for the Psalms, which lasted until he died, with a priest holding the Psalter open at his request before his darkening eyes."

No need to expatiate here on the relentless cruelty with which Edward I. hunted Wallace to death; and in the National Councils the Abbot and monks of Paisley had ever been loyal to Scottish Independence. Wallace's Church must share her heroic son's fate, and so in 1307, Alymer de Valence, English Norman, gave to the flames the noble Church of Walter the Steward, Scottish Norman.

Bruce succeeded Wallace, and though we associate his name with Dunfermline, it was before the high altar of Paisley that he knelt, by order from Rome, to receive abso-

Marjory Bruce's Tomb.

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lution after penance for the murder of the Red Comyn in Holy Church at Dumfries.

Alexander, the fourth Steward in succession, had commanded the Scottish army at Largs in 1263; and we may feel assured that poems of praise and thanksgiving rolled through the Abbey on that occasion; James, his son, aided both Wallace and Bruce; and Walter, his second son and sixth Steward, fought so bravely at Bannockburn, that Barbour commemorates him in the lines:—

> "Walter Stewart of Scotland fyne,
> That then was but a beardless hyne,
> Came with a rout of noble men
> That might by countenance be ken."

For his bravery he was duly rewarded with the hand of Marjory, the king's daughter, a real love match, and one of those many marriages which have changed the dynasties of Britain.

All too soon was the mutual joy and happiness of Walter and Marjory turned to solitary *dule* and woe, for on Shrove Tuesday, 1316, Princess Marjory fell from her horse and broke her neck, when riding between Paisley and Renfrew; and the motherless infant, whose life was almost miraculously saved, brought no comfort to Walter in his terrible grief. He, seeking to drown his sorrow, engaged in border warfare, and after ten years, died in 1326, a broken-hearted man only thirty-three years of age. Sir Walter Scott, in his *Tales of a Grandfather*, pays just and noble tribute to the Steward's bravery; and the loyal friend as well as son-in-law was deeply mourned by the great Bruce who only survived him three years.

Few effigies remain in Scottish Churches now, but Marjory Bruce's canopied tomb, as restored, is still to be seen here in the "Sounding Aisle." Her child eventually succeeded as first Stewart king; she, therefore, was the "lass" referred to by broken-hearted James V., as the mother of his ill-fated royal race.

One of the piers of the nave, known as the Cathcart

pillar, carries us back to that sad year when "the good Sir James Douglas," with his little company of brave knights, set out with the heart of Bruce in silver casket on that pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, denied to the hero in life. Then came the combat with the Moors in Andalusia, and Douglas's mortal wound, received in the thickest of the fight as he threw the heart forward in the field, saying, "Onward, brave heart, as thou wert wont; Douglas will follow thee or die." Sir Alan Cathcart, one of Paisley's adherents, survived with his followers, and in sad recessional brought back the heart to rest in the precincts of Melrose.

Paisley was the cradle of the Stewarts, and as Sir Bernard Burke says, "No Scotsman should ever forget the title to honour and respect which the family of Stewart acquired, before they began to reign, by their undeviating and zealous defence of their native land against the wanton aggressiveness of the English."

When Robert III., grandson of Marjory, broken-hearted over one son's death and another's captivity, felt himself a dying man, he declined to provide a tomb for himself according to custom, but said to his Queen, "No proud tomb for my miserable remains; cheerfully would I be buried in the meanest shed on earth, could I thus secure rest to my soul in the day of the Lord." Here may we stand by his grave in the ruined choir, and know that, mingling with his dust, lie the bodies of six Stewarts, Marjory his grandmother, his own mother, and his step-mother. Not altogether neglected, however, for Queen Victoria, justly proud of her Stewart ancestry, marked their resting-place by a rich monument of Sicilian marble, bearing the inscription: "To the memory of the members of the Royal House of Stewart who lie buried in Paisley Abbey, this stone is placed here by their descendant Queen Victoria on the occasion of her visit to Paisley, 1888."

> "Those ill-starred ancestors
> Who loved the Church so well and gave so largely to it:
> They thought it should have canopied their bones
> Till Doomsday—but all things have an end."

After the fire in 1307, and owing to the consequent unsettled state of the country during the wars with England, the buildings remained in a more or less ruined condition, to the great distress of the monks. Aided by the Bishop of Glasgow and Argyle, restoration was begun during the time of Abbot Lithgow (1384–1433) whose memorial tablet is placed in the North Porch. But owing to the troublous times, the middle of the fifteenth century is reached before we hear of the completion of a new Abbey on a scale of magnificence which excited the admiration of Christendom. From 1445–59 Abbot Tervas worked unremittingly, and moneys were raised by every means possible. According to our modern ideas, one of the sources of revenue seems very far from commendable—although ours rather than theirs are the times of drunkenness. The privilege of keeping a tavern for the sale of wine within the gates of the Abbey was granted to the Abbot, and from the *Chronicle of Auchinleck* we learn that he found the place in ruin and "the kirk unbiggit." When, with full purse, he made his journey to Rome, the same authority tells "He brocht hame mony gude jewillis and claithes of gold, siller and silk and mony gude bukis and the statliest tabernkle in al Skotland and the maist costlie." He had also chandeliers of silver and a lectern of brass. As the burial-place of the early Stewarts, the Abbey had become a place of pilgrimage, and the offerings of the devout added greatly to the revenue.

In Sir Walter's notes on *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* we find that the Scots and Kerrs entered on a bond that the head of each rival clan must go in pilgrimage to Paisley, Melrose, Scone, and Dundee, to pray for the souls of those, fallen in their feud. Before the beautiful High Altar came also King James IV., in hair shirt and iron belt, to pour out his soul in prayer and penitence for the tragic death of his father.

By this time, Abbot Tervas, whose energies had accomplished much, had departed in peace, and his place had been ably filled by Abbot Shaw, 1472–98. The troubles at

home had been but shifted, not settled, for Pope Pius II. had decreed that the appointment of Abbot and disposition of the whole revenues should be settled from Rome, and Abbot Shaw bravely resisted such encroachments on the Abbey's right and privileges. Even this richly endowed Abbey, specially favoured by Royal patronage, never reached a haven of quiet rest, and one perforce thinks of its suppressed cry as "Peace! peace!" where there was no peace.

Following the precedent set by his independent predecessors, Abbot Shaw gained new privileges from James IV. in 1488. For the village without the walls, he obtained a charter which constituted it a Burgh of Barony under the fostering care of the Conventual Church. Renfrew objected so strongly to these new rights that legal steps had to be taken to maintain the "monastic regality"; and until 1628 Paisley remained the vassal of the Abbey. (The magistrates purchased its superiority then, and in 1665 were granted a Royal Charter; finally, by the Reform Bill of 1832, the town has the right to elect a member for Parliament. So the Abbey is Mother Church of Paisley in the fullest sense of the term. Queen Victoria's visit in 1888 was in honour of its fourth centenary.)

Abbot Shaw improved and added to the buildings, surrounded gardens and grounds with a wall a mile in circuit, adorned the same with statues and shields, and built an imposing tower over the principal gateway. *Shawlands* keeps his memory ever green to the children of Paisley, and a tablet, now in the Coates Museum, together with panels of royal arms, &c., is all that remains of the famed wall. On this tablet is cut—

> "Ya callit ye Abbot Georg of Schawe
> About yis Abbay gart make yis war
> A thousande four hundereth zehyr
> Auchty ande fyve the date but veir
> (Pray for his saulis salvacioun)
> Yet made thys nobil fundacioun."

One year after the Abbot's death, James Crawford, a

Burgess of the newly-made Burgh, built and endowed St. Mirin's Chapel in the South Transept. Aytoun's *Edinburgh after Flodden* brings vividly before us those burgesses with "hearts stout and true," who had risen to national prominence and respect, and who formed the backbone of the country.

The leaven of the Reformation was even then working in the land, and during the time of Abbot Hamilton, 1525–44, we can read deeply between the lines. A record tells that "He built a prettie handsome steeple which fell before it was well finished." This was in 1530. The choir was ruined by the tower, and storms and decay afterwards did their work. This Abbot became Bishop of Dunkeld, then Archbishop of St. Andrews; and when driven from his See again sought asylum in Paisley, but had to flee to the strong shelter of Dunbarton Castle. Finally, his execution at Stirling Castle, in 1570, brought his sore travail for life to an end. His body lies in the Abbey, and the words "Misericordia et Pax" with his coat-of-arms and the initials "J. H." are still to be seen in the North Aisle. A popular story is told of this Paisley dignitary and his devotion to Queen Mary, most ill-starred of all the Stewarts. After the battle of Langside—a short distance from the Abbey—he followed her to Dundrennan and the shores of the Solway, even wading knee deep into its waters, clutching at her boat with both hands whilst entreating her not to leave her own country. Little did either of them think that a scaffold awaited both, and that, sixteen years later than her subject, she, the Queen, would end her chequered life at that same Castle of Fotheringay from which, four hundred and twenty years before, Walter the first Steward had dated his charter for the foundation of his Priory Church at Paisley.

To the story of the Reformation, Paisley forms no great exception. John Knox was not the iconoclast of popular belief, neither were the people in many of these quiet grey towns dissatisfied with their ecclesiastic superiors as landlords. As a matter of fact, reform worked slowly here—

very slowly. In 1626, Paisley was such "a nest of Papists," that its Jenny Geddesses rose in tumult and drove out of the town, with stones and vituperation, a most grave and noted Protestant divine—Boyd of Trochrig—a man, famed not only in Scotland, but amongst French Huguenots. John Knox, in his first *Book of Discipline*, provided for the maintenance of all the cathedral, conventual, and collegiate Churches and Chapels, which were at the same time Parish Churches, "and the orders issued in 1560 for the burning of images and removal of altars" strictly enjoined that no harm should be done to the Churches "in glass work or in iron work in stall, door, or window." He also most solemnly denounced the vengeance of God upon "the merciless devourers of the patrimony of the Kirk," and upheld a colleague's assertion that "the kirks and temples were now more like sheep-cots than the House of God, and that men had no right religion in most part of the realm."

Alas! Henry VIII. had set a tempting example, and the spirit of grab and greed is easily acquired. Henry gave Church lands freely to his less scrupulous supporters, and "the Russells were residents in Woburn Abbey ere a stone had been cast down in Scotland." Scots may well recall this and many such facts when their English brethren flout them for the fanatic destruction of their beautiful Abbeys. "The Lairds coveted the Church lands," the Master of Sempill was appointed bailie of this Abbey, and at the Dissolution, the Church property fell into the possession of Lord Sempill. Eventually the lands were conferred on Claude Hamilton (a boy of ten), founder of the Abercorn family, nephew of the Archbishop, and created Lord Paisley in 1587, to whom Scott refers in :—

> "Stern Claud replied with dark'ning face,
> Grey Paisley's haughty lord was he."

A mural tablet in the Abbey, describing him as "Pasleti dominus," tells of the death of three infant children, and the

"sternness" may have been assumed to mask his grief from the common eye.

Then followed in succession the Earls of Angus and Dundonald, owners by purchase; again the lordship was repurchased by the Earl of Abercorn, in 1764. The Monastic buildings had been turned into "The Place" of Paisley and used as a residence. Hither in 1597, Queen Ann, wife of James VI., came on a visit to the Earl in his new "baronial hall"; and in 1617, the King himself, on his return from England, made a special visit to this home of his early ancestors. This "Place" has been broken up into small dwelling houses, and in the present Restoration Scheme it is proposed to acquire the property as homes, "where poor widows, good old Scotchwomen, might spend the evening of their days in peace" as pensioners and attendant keepers of the Abbey.

Before the fall of the tower, in 1530, the whole length of the Abbey was 260 feet. The decorated choir was aisleless, 123 feet long, and very narrow—23 feet wide; only the outline of its walls remain, but the fine sedilia, over 11 feet long and containing four seats (three is the usual number) still stand, along with a water drain and credence niche. The Choir forms great exception in being longer than the Nave.

The North Transept, 92 feet long by 35 feet wide, and a beautiful window, 35 by 18 feet, of fine tracery work are now in course of restoration at a cost of £22,000. On the West Buttress we may see, at a height of 21 feet, the shield of the Stewarts with an abbot's pastoral staff—the crozier turned *inwards*—and the word "Stewart."

The South Transept is continued by St. Mirin's Chapel, with ablution drain, credence niche, and finely carved panels over its altar site, representative of the Seven Sacraments, or, as some aver, of the events of St. Mirin's life. As before said, Marjory Bruce's tomb stands here, removed from the roofless Choir. This is also called the Sounding Aisle because of a wonderful echo when the door is banged.

The Nave, 109 feet in length by 60 feet in width, con-

sists of six bays, divided by circular pillars, with triforium and clerestory carried round at a height of 82 feet upon corbels "which may have supported lights." Each pillar springs from grotesque sculptured figures of men and animals, a very natural form of decoration when we recall the tendencies of Clugniac monks.

On the eastern part of the South Aisle there are a doorway, three bays, and three windows above, which evidently date from the thirteenth century, and are therefore restored remains of that earliest Church, burned in 1307. In the present work on the Transept, and on the Tower walls which are to be carried up as far as necessary for the support of the walls of the Nave—in anticipation of a restoration of the Choir — several interesting excavations have been made. Two four-sided pillars, about 5½ feet long, with rounded tops, show curiously carved crosses on one face. They are evidently portions of that earliest Priory Church, as similar stones, found in Derbyshire, are adjudged to belong to the twelfth century.

The West Front, belonging in its lower half to the fourteenth century, and the upper window, with its "crown window," are very effective in their subdued lights; and the Nave as it now stands is one of Scotland's fairest kirks. Its windows of stained glass are exceedingly rich and mellow in their tones of soft colouring, and are equal to any collection from our modern English studios.

Forty years ago, this Nave was cleaned, restored, and decorated by a number of earnest Churchmen, headed by the Rev. Dr. Cameron Lees, now of St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh. His story of the Abbey is alike inspiring and instructive, and no one has better claim to be recorded than he in reference to the present movement.

"If our American kinsmen envy us in anything, it is the inspiring and solemnising influence of such great historic buildings as the Abbey of Paisley. Scotland does not possess many such buildings, but the Abbey is one. It has a great and remarkable history, entwined with that of our

The West Window.

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nation. Under its roof was the tomb of the first preacher of Christianity at Paisley. Within its walls the earlier generations of the great house of Stewart, a King and Queen among them, lie buried. Before its altar Sir William Wallace worshipped and King Robert the Bruce knelt in penitence. Great men have been there and have acted their part there. Can it be creditable—is it not in some degree a scandal—that any part of the historic pile, this great link with olden time, should be allowed to remain in ruin and desolation—its walls standing gaunt and bare amid the tide of modern wealth and civilisation that surges around them ? Wise men everywhere esteem such legacies of the past so precious that they do anything in their power for their preservation. Nor ought Paisley to forget that it is to the Abbey it owes its corporate existence. Paisley came into being not by mandate of the sovereign or the favour of the noble. She is the child of the Abbey. Is it fitting that the child should grow so rich and prosperous and the mother be left bare and desolate ? Considerations such as these, I confess, impress me more than the utilitarian one—though I do not underrate it—of congregational accommodation. There may be kirks built with comparative ease, but there can be only one abbey."

With pealing organ and choir of rich voices, the weekly service of this Abbey, now parish church of Paisley, is dignified in its simplicity and hallowed by its surroundings and their associations. But as before said, the membership is greater than the accommodation, hence this appeal for the restoration of North Transept first, then the Choir, the Tower, and the Place—surely an elevating sentiment which would re-people

> "The shrines where art and genius high
> Have laboured for eternity."

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